AY 24, 1941

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

DWARF OAK—A Novelette, Complete in This Issue, by Eleanor DeLamater

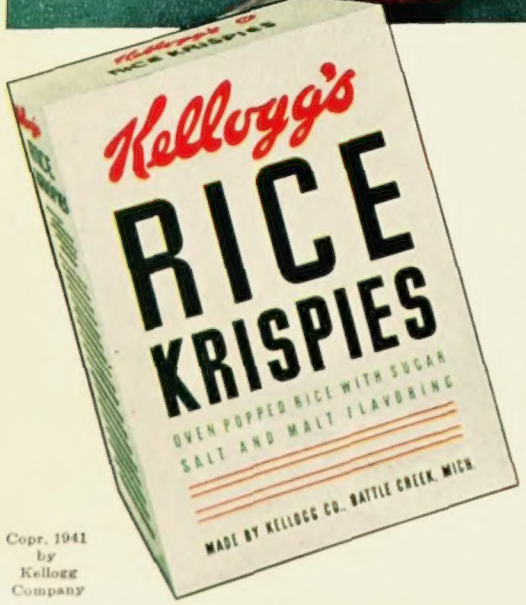
IS AMERICA IN THE WAR? by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

THE UNIONS—A Challenge and an Answer, by Westbrook Pegler and Matthew Woll

It's Maytime—

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits

Swing to CRISPNESS



HERE'S THE KIND THAT LASTS!

Now your breakfasts will fairly bloom with new Spring-fresh flavor and zest! Golden, delicious Rice Krispies bring youngsters to the table on the run . . . make even fussy eaters "give in" without a murmur.

Rice Krispies boast a record-breaking crispness—a crispness that holds its own from first tantalizing bite to last. The marvelously different flavor is born of a recipe that Kellogg's—and Kellogg's alone—can use.

America's No. 1 rice cereal is "popped" in special ovens, toasted just enough to bring out fully its "super-super" flavor. Tomorrow, serve Rice Krispies with your favorite fruit. Then add milk or cream and listen to the crispness call—snap! crackle! pop!—that means gayer, more tempting breakfasts for you.

Kellogg's CEREALS
MADE IN BATTLE CREEK
* CORN FLAKES * RICE KRISPIES * ALL-BRAN * WHEAT KRISPIES * PEP
* 40% BRAN FLAKES * KRUMBLES * KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for oven-popped rice.

Copr. 1941 by Kellogg Company

Mandy's giving us another chance

since we changed to silence!

1 **"I'se quittin'," announces Mandy** heatedly one day last month. "Can't sleep nights on account of the rumbling of that ol' refrigerator. Then just when I'se makin' ice cream, it stops en-tirely!"

"John," warns my wife, "if Mandy leaves, we're sunk. We need a new box *right away!*"

2 **"I know one that can't make a noise,"** she continues. And with that she rushes me downtown to the Servel showroom.

There I see a refrigerator without machinery, with only a tiny gas flame doing the work. Naturally, it's always silent. And having no moving parts, there's nothing to wear.

3 **Among folks who've had experience,** Servel is winning more friends every year.

Survey after survey shows that the things people wisely look for in their second refrigerator are permanent silence . . . lasting dependability . . . continued low operating cost. And Servel Electrolux is the only automatic that offers all these big advantages.

4 **"Lor-dy, it sure *is* quiet!"** Mandy's happy and so are we. Servel's saving us enough on food alone to pay the installments.

"You know," smiles Mandy the other day, "las' place I worked they had one of these gas refrigerators that was 'most ten years old. Looks like me and Servel are goin' to be with you a mighty long time!"

If you look at <u>one</u> refrigerator, look at Servel—If you look at <u>more</u> than one, look at Servel to see the <u>difference</u>

Stays silent...lasts longer

SERVEL

ELECTROLUX

Gas

REFRIGERATOR

It freezes with NO MOVING PARTS!

For farm and country homes—models run on BOTTLED GAS—TANK GAS—KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King Street W., Toronto, Ont.

You'll like yeast this new way

GEORGE: That's the old snaperoo! Been eating yeast again?
EVE: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice makes a delicious vitamin cocktail!

GEORGE: You certainly keep up to date! Yeast just made the headlines with this: "YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX." And authorities say that's a group of vitamins that many people don't get enough of.
EVE: More than that, yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of the Vitamin B Complex. Now you see why I drink Fleischmann's Yeast!

GEORGE: You got a point there. I used to eat yeast, but I never could learn to like it. I remember how swell I felt, too.
EVE: Well, if you aren't getting enough of the Vitamin B Complex, try my vitamin cocktail. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Twice a day, keep it up, and maybe all of a sudden everything's upsy-daisy! Buy a week's supply. It keeps perfectly in the refrigerator. And, in tomato juice, it tastes like oven-fresh bread. Swell!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

FLEISCHMANN'S *FRESH* YEAST

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST . . . the household favorite of four generations.

WANTS TO EXEMPT $250,000 BUCK PRIVATES

HANNIBAL, MO.—While we are boasting of our efficiency in educating for preparedness, how about a system which takes a selectee like James Stewart, who, roughly speaking, is worth $250,000 in taxes to Uncle Sam, and making a twenty-one-dollar buck private of him?

Or Hank Greenberg, yet to be educated, who is worth perhaps $10,000 in taxes? —*Ira C. Ellis.*

[You have an idea, but James Stewart's example has done a lot to encourage others.—ED.]

WITH LINDBERGH

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Just when I am getting up some enthusiasm for your publication, it is discouraging to get a setback from reading something like Rupert Hughes' stuff in April 5 Liberty. Let me state at once that I stand squarely with Colonel Lindbergh on the subject of the war, so of course anything Mr. Hughes could say would displease me.

In one respect, though, I find a grain of sense in Mr. Hughes' article—that Stalinism is a menace. It is a menace feared not only by its eastern European neighbors but also even by Germany. —*G. H. Bennett.*

THE LION AND THE FROG

BRONX, N. Y.—I am 11 years old, and I admire Mr. Gabrial Hetter for his advertising the Liberty magazine, so for two years I have been selling the Liberty magazine. I have tried to do the best I can.

In my school I have learned many things about the Greeks; I am a Greek descent. And in the Liberty magazine I have never read anything about the Greeks of today and many years ago.

So from now on I am going to stop selling your magazine unless I read

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"I won't kiss nurse! She'll slap me like she did daddy!"

something about the Greeks, and I am saying this because you are entitled to publish something as the events go on. The British Admiralty said, and I quote:

"If you do not admire the gallenty, the spirit, and determination of our Greek allies, I do. The small but courageous Greek navy was engaged with us in the oporations." Also General Wavell and Wilson who while passing through Greece, was instructed by the Greeks to hit and hit hard at Eagpt and they did, and they proved it according to the instructions.

My father once told me a story, that one time in Greece a lion heard a loud voice. At once the lion became scared. He thought he was something bigger and stronger then he was. He went nearer to where the voice came from. In a little pond he saw a frog, so he said (the lion)

"Oh! so you are the one with such a loud voice!"

At the end of this war the Greeks will have a word for it and they will dig the grave of those who want to destroy civilazation. With the noble help of my glorious country, the "United States of America."—*Dionysious Damianos.*

[We're for your courage all the way and hope you'll keep on with us a while. You don't read all our stories. Robert Low, our correspondent at the Greek front, has described brilliantly the courage of Greek fighters.—ED.]

MORE FLAG DISPLAY

SEATTLE, WASH.—Please see if you can't stir up some enthusiasm about the flying of the American flag on our build-

NEW! *Super-Moist Cold All Glass Shelves Keeps Foods Fresher Longer!*

Typical of Kelvinator's 1941 Extras are the Glass Shelves • Glass-Enclosed Cold-mist Freshener and Wall-Concealed Cooling Coils of this Magnificent New Moist-Master!

A Kelvinator "Extra" Big, Oversize Crispers

NEVER have I seen a refrigerator like this massively beautiful, new Kelvinator "Moist-Master."

All shelves are of crystal-clear glass. There are two sets of Cooling Coils—one to freeze ice—another concealed in the walls. And in the super-moist cold of the glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener, uncovered leftovers and vegetables stay fresh for days.

A Kelvinator "Extra" 5-Way Magic Shelf

Yes, it's a honey—and no mistake!

And there are seven other big 1941 Kelvinators to choose from.

Look at the beautiful, low-cost Model SS-6A . . . only $124.75.* You get, not 6 but 6¾ cu. ft. of room—*plus* other features including the economical Polarsphere Sealed Unit.

Let us show you these utterly new 1941 Kelvinators—today!

No more unsightly, hard-to-clean screwheads. This beautiful Stainless Steel Cold-Ban takes their place.

Kelvinator Division
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

Look at the Beauty! • Look at the Extras! • Look at the Price!

Model SS-6A . . . ONLY $124.75*
Model S-6—*Packed with Extras* . . . . . ONLY $144.95*
Model M-6 (illustrated) . . . . ONLY $179.95*

Get More— Get KELVINATOR

*PRICES SUGGESTED ARE FOR DELIVERY IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN. STATE AND LOCAL TAXES EXTRA. PRICES ARE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. IN VIEW OF RISING COSTS, PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

SIMONIZ
Glorifies
ANY CAR'S
BEAUTY

Protects and Preserves Finish

It pays to Simoniz your car . . . in pleasure, opportunities, and savings. Your car stays gloriously beautiful. The lacquer or enamel is perfectly protected no matter where you drive. Weather, dirt, and the sun's rays never have a chance to dull and destroy the finish, so it lasts longer. And the sooner you Simoniz, the better for you and your car. If already dull or discolored, use Simoniz Kleener first. It cleans thoroughly and so easily, too, bringing back all the beauty your car had when new. Then, to preserve the beauty, apply Simoniz. The Simoniz Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL

ings these days when we are all talking preparedness and defense for our country.

Every building has its flagstaff but you only see one flag to every four blocks. Every building should have at least one flag and it should never come down.

Here's to the American flag at the top of the pole always.—*F. E. Lowry, Sr.*

[A cheer for you.—ED.]

"TOBACCO ROAD" AND THE SOUTH

BRISTOL, TENN.—If Liberty rates Tobacco Road three and a half stars, I quit, and will never depend on Liberty to pick my pictures again.

If movies are going to give us that kind of stuff, again I quit.

Please take back what you said about the three and one half stars.—*James Henderson.*

[Some other Southerners feel the same way. However, its record proves an endorsement by the majority.—ED.]

REPEATING RIFLES WASTED AMMUNITION?

CORAL GABLES, FLA.—In your Military Quiz (March 29 Liberty) question 5, "What armed forces in the United States first used repeating rifles?" the answer given is, "The Indians." The Spencer carbine, a repeating rifle, was used by Union cavalry during our Civil War.

An officer under General Wilson in his raid from Mississippi on into Georgia gives credit to this weapon for much of Wilson's success against Confederate infantry. The carbine was loaded at the butt with brass shell cartridges, .50-caliber, I think.

As a boy I saw one of these weapons in the hands of a United States soldier. I think thirteen cartridges were inserted. I don't know why it was discarded, as it was much superior to the .45-caliber Springfields, single shot, in use when I was commissioned in 1880.—*P. E. Trippe, Colonel, Retired.*

[Liberty received scores of letters praising the Military Quiz and calling attention to this question. General Bullard says he stands corrected. What he meant to imply was the time they came into general use. According to General Bullard, there was a feeling in the Civil War that if a man had a repeating rifle, he would waste ammunition.—ED.]

JIFFY-JAMMAS BOON TO MANKIND

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Collapsible umbrellas? Yes—and now, according to a widely read columnist here, a college professor has created (in his shivering moments) a comfy zip-up garment for people to put on when they must slip out of bed for early-morning chores.

The professor's wife presented him with a "little rivet in the bond of matrimony." He found it necessary to rise in the wee small hours and walk the new family addition. Walking soothed baby back to sleep, but chill breezes caressed professor's ankles until he was driven to distraction.

Out of this age-old plight came the thought of the garment which the professor has named his "jiffy-jammas." All in one piece, the "jiffy-jamma" covers one from neck to toes. A quick zip and there you are, all set to defy the icicly morning ozone.

I thought it was silly until I, too, started to walk the floor.—*Jeff Palin.*

"Guess what! I've got four movie ushers waiting for seats!"

FLUNKED OUR QUIZ

OIL CITY, PA.—I am not excellent in your Ad Quiz by Mark O'Dea (March 15 Liberty). I registered only 35. But I learned a lot, including a lot of respect for a guy who knows enough about advertising to set up such a quiz.—*J. E. Moorhead, Executive Secretary, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.*

OUR FUNNY STORIES

AUSTIN, TEX.—What is getting the matter with Liberty's Short Shorts? They can't hold a candle to what they were a few years ago. Is all this new folderol about story writing what you call technique? If so, then may the Lord have mercy on technique. Your stories are dying of technique and need to be sent to the hospital.

I am not a story writer, but if that story, Stopover at Gibraltar, in the March 29 issue is a good one, then listen to mine. Here it is. Read it:

"Recently I was walking along the street. I glanced up and saw a man who looked familiar. When we passed each other, I smiled and said, 'Howdydo.' He likewise smiled, tipped his hat, and said, 'Howdydo.' We each went our way."

Now aren't you just thrilled?—*Mrs. Mary Hall.*

[Chk, chk, are we really that funny?—ED.]

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★★★★ CITIZEN KANE

ORSON WELLES' first film is an amazing adventure in celluloid narrative, into a newer screen technique. That it is by no means completely successful is natural. Such a technique can only come after years of experiment.

Welles has taken the story of a great publisher and he tells it over a period of fifty years. Charles Foster Kane, his great man, is dead at the very beginning. Then Welles goes back and you see Kane as a rich boy acquire a moribund New York newspaper, ruthlessly invest it with a shoddy vitality. You see Kane go on to power, to a huge chain of newspapers, to even start a war, to run for governor, to acquire a tremendous collection of art treasures, to build a great retreat for himself on a lonely mountain, to marry and lose two women. Finally you see his huge newspaper empire crumble and collapse—and you see Kane himself, bitter and deserted, die with one word, "Rosebud," on his lips. That word has significance, but I shall not spoil your viewing of Citizen Kane by telling it here.

Welles doesn't relate this as film stories usually are fabricated. In a sort of tapestry pattern you see Citizen Kane through the eyes of his associates, each with a different conception of him. It's a pitiless vivisection of a lonely man, hungry for power, who collected newspapers, art, and women, who failed because he felt he could buy anything.

Orson Welles gives a remarkable performance of the man from twenty-five to seventy. Best of the cast are Dorothy Comingore as Kane's second wife and Joseph Cotten as his boyhood friend.

The picture is a fascinating experiment. It frequently fumbles, grows repetitious, even dull. But it has electric moments.

Citizen Kane distinctly isn't for dyed-in-the-wool movie fans who take their entertainment straight.

★★★ PENNY SERENADE

MARTHA CHEAVENS' magazine serial covers a lot of ground—all the way from Coney Island to Japan—but it unites Irene Dunne

ALL DOGS AREN'T ALIKE

Dogs differ just as much as human beings. By breeding and training, this Beagle is a show-winner.

ALL GINS AREN'T ALIKE

Gins differ, too. If you haven't been aware of that, try Fleischmann's. There is and can be only one Fleischmann's. It cannot be duplicated.

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks

Distilled from American grain—90 proof

11½" x 8" full color print of above dog painting, without advertising, sent for 10¢. Write box HE, THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR CAR FINANCING?

Do you figure your own financing?
Do you figure the cost yourself?

NATURALLY you look at a car very, very carefully before you decide to buy it. Why not take the same care in choosing a financing plan? It's wise to figure the cost yourself, in advance—to see exactly what you get for what you pay . . . to see just where and how you can save!

That's why we suggest that you send the coupon below and get your GMAC Figuring Chart. It shows you, in dollars and cents, just what you want to know about your time payments . . . enables you to figure your own "deal"—based on the length of time you want and the amount you wish to pay monthly.

Then you can compare the cost of various finance plans . . . and what they offer. You'll be pleased to see that the low-cost General Motors Instalment Plan includes sound insurance protection for your car.

But learn about this convenient time-payment plan for yourself! Write for your Figuring Chart today! Then see your General Motors dealer.

This plan is available only through dealers in Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac cars.

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

E-5

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

Please send me GMAC Figuring Chart for the car checked below:

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK ☐ CADILLAC

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

County _____ U.S.A.

Send for this Figuring Chart

and Cary Grant in a long sentimental adventure.

Grant plays Roger Adams, an improvident young newspaperman sent to cover Japanese events, who persuades the girl he met in a music store to marry him and follow on to the Orient. Mrs. Adams loses her baby as a result of injuries during an earthquake, Roger comes back with her to the States to buy and run a little country newspaper in California, and they adopt a baby girl to fill the gap in their lives. Then, at six, the child dies suddenly, and the distraught couple, blinded by the tragedy, are about to separate. The movie story is told in musical interludes as Mrs. Adams plays over a treasured set of phonograph records before she departs, bag and baggage, for points unknown.

You are accustomed to Cary and Miss Dunne in suave comedy. Here they have a dramatic yarn, geared for sobs. Tearful, sentimental, has its moving moments, its tenderness is seldom forced—but it is far too long.

The two stars get a lot of sterling assistance from a new character actor, Edgar Buchanan, who does the fat, understanding printer of Cary Grant's country weekly. Watch for the scene in which he shows the baffled Adamses how to bathe a baby.

A heart-warming domestic pilgrimage and a sobfest for the ladies, bless 'em. Cary will surprise you in his departure from comedy, Miss Dunne will hold you in a mellow mood, Penny Serenade will grip—at least three quarters of its length.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator.

★★★—Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THE NEUTRAL GROUND, by Frank O. Hough.

Title refers to big Westchester County, New York, during the entire Revolution a region of battle and vicious guerrilla activity between British in Manhattan and American-held posts from West Point east to the Sound. Noncombatants were caught in a cockpit. Oliver Wiswell readers will find Tory-Patriot attitudes shown in fair perspective here in an unusually distinguished historical novel. You'll like.

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

MAY 24, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 21

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN

"THE power to tax is the power to destroy." Thus spoke John Marshall, who more than a hundred years ago was Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. His warning on the peril of unwise taxation was uttered not to the lawmakers of his time alone but to all the future taxgatherers of history. Today his words ring out in solemn warning while the Congress sits in Washington and wrangles over the new tax bill.

A Niagara of words is flowing out of the Capitol, a torrent of flummery and flapdoodle, with here and there a little wave of common sense. Admittedly a grave task confronts the representatives of the people. They have to find cash to pay the bills. New taxes, more burdensome taxes, are inevitable. But, to hear some of these gentlemen, one would think that there is no limit to the patience of the average citizen, no bottom to his pocketbook.

Worse, some of our lawmakers seem determined to destroy the very basis of the American way of life.

Every schoolboy knows that our standard of living is the product of three basic factors—high earnings, mass production, and low taxes. No country in Europe has ever known the blessings that are ours because of that threefold economic foundation. That is why the American standard of living surpasses the rest of the world.

Everybody also knows that low taxes played an immense part in this great development of our country. Before the last war, even when we piled state and local taxes on federal taxes, the average for the entire country amounted to only about 7 per cent per person. All argument to the contrary, this country, at least at this writing, is not at war, yet last year the average tax was well over 20 per cent.

And today we hear our Washington lawmakers threatening to crack down on us with new taxes that may well frighten any citizen into expecting that before long we shall reach the British tax average. That will mean that fifty cents out of every dollar earned in this country will go to the government.

But in all the hullabaloo does one hear any clarion cry for economy in fields other than defense? One hears a few courageous voices, but they are drowned out by the brattle and brangle of their fellows.

We do not have to wait until we reach the British tax average for a decline in the American standard of living. It is already declining. Prices are increasing rapidly, and so are taxes. After all, a dollar is only 100 cents, and if thirty cents go to taxes, only seventy cents are left for all the necessities and desires of life.

As prices go up, the purchasing value of that seventy cents must go down!

So the consumer—and that means you and me and everybody else—is forced to economize. The couple that went to the movies twice a week will see a picture only once a week. That means catastrophe for the motion-picture business, decreased earnings, decreased employment, and—mark this well—decreased taxes paid by that industry. It is a vicious circle.

The end of it all—distant and, let us hope, not inevitable—is the standard of living lowered to a mere subsistence level. For a thousand years after the fall of the Roman Empire, Europe lived at such a level. We called that thousand years the Dark Ages.

Have our lawmakers in Washington been too busy with their fantastic proposals to read history?

And, while we are asking questions, here is another. President Roosevelt is reported to have said that he believes in high taxes, not only because our defense program requires the money, but also to impress the nation with the seriousness of the European situation so far as it affects the United States.

This is a cryptic utterance. The latest Gallup poll reports that 79 per cent of the people of the United States are resolutely against American armies entering the war. Is it this 79 per cent to which the President wishes to give such drastic instruction? If so, what is the lesson? What, specifically, does he fear that we do not understand?

A democracy calls for plain speaking. Before the gentlemen in the Congress carry out some of their fabulous tax schemes, before we endanger the very foundations of American existence, why not speak frankly, Mr. President, and tell us why we should tax ourselves to destruction?

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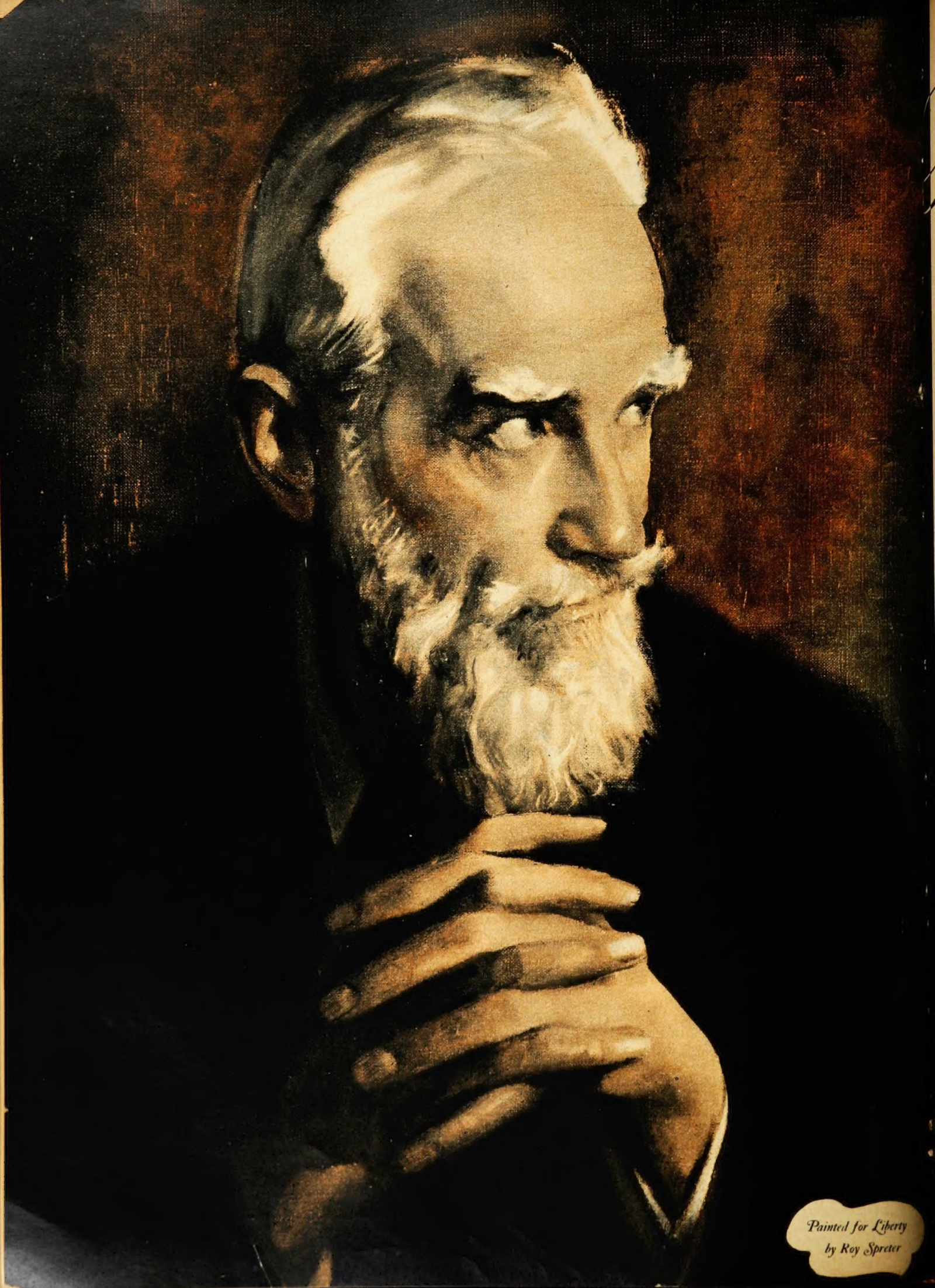


Painted for Liberty
by Roy Spreter

Is America in the War?

A startling "Yes" and a grim look to the future

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I AM asked if the passage of the Lease-Lend Act is a major defeat for Herr Hitler. As it *has* passed, leaving the United States virtually at war with the Reich, that question is out of date. Do not let us waste our time looking behind us.

What about looking before us, then? Well, America or no America, we are not going to have things all our own way.

Neither are the Germans!

We are both up to the neck in two campaigns. One is burning and bombshelling each other's cities from the air. The other is sinking ships to starve one another: the blockade, in short.

City bombing is inconclusive because, as the bombed cannot surrender and the bomber has to run away when he has shot his bolt, neither victory nor defeat is possible; and there is nothing for it but retaliation; and of that there is no end as long as there are cities and explosives left.

Blockade, on the other hand, can be decisive: It decided the American Civil War eighty years ago; and it decided the Four Years' War.

But it is such an intolerable nuisance to the neutral countries, who are often actually worse starved than the belligerents. In the present case it has led to such anomalies as our damaging the ports and railway stations of France, Holland, and Norway as ruthlessly as Hamburg, Kiel, and Berlin.

So that sooner or later it will have to be ruled out as a method of warfare by whatever combination of Powers may be left in command of the situation.

As far as we can see at present, that command will be with the United States of America and the U. S. S. R. The war will force them to shake hands. If and when the combatants, after doing their utmost to destroy one another, are left exhausted and stalemated, these two great Powers may say to them, Ulster fashion, "We won't have it," meaning the blockade, or possibly war as such.

Russia is in earnest about that; and neither Russia nor the United States wishes either Britain or Germany to finish cock of the walk.

So you see what comes of looking ahead. We had better drop it.

It is suggested to me that the United States will send food ships to unoccupied France; and that they may convoy those ships. If they convoy supply ships sent to Britain, German U-boats may attack. And I am asked (*a*) will the inevitable reaction of the American convoy to U-boat attack constitute an act of war, and (*b*) will Germany then declare that a state of war exists?

Well, the United States will not send food ships to unoccupied France unless we agree not to sink them. If we do not sink them, the Germans can lay hands on the food and thus break the blockade. If we sink them, the Vichy government will send the French fleet to convoy them; whereupon we shall have to sink the French fleet as well. That will not be more unfriendly than our terrible raids on Calais, Boulogne, and Brest.

Still, it will be a bit awkward. We should have to declare the French fleet "occupied." I need not pursue the complications; they are only instances of the anomalies of blockade.

I decline to speculate on the probable effect of the Lease-Lend Act on the situation in the Far East. Ask the Japanese. Ask New Zealand and Australia. Ask Uncle Joe (and perhaps even Uncle Sam). Why ask me?

It is not likely to cause the United States to declare war on Germany. Why should they? Declarations of war are out of fashion. Japan has not declared war on China. If our Foreign Office were not hopelessly out of date we should not have declared war on Germany.

Nowadays you just go for your enemy and leave him to infer your intentions.

The United States of America is quite openly at war with Germany; but there has been no formal declaration. In his last broadcast the President said: "General Chiang Kai-shek needs our help. He shall have it." That means that the United States is at war with Japan. It was the sheer point of his speech; and yet the papers, and even Adolf Hitler himself, twaddled about the speech next day without noticing it. Amazing stupidity.

THE END

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A heart-warming story of a young Robinson Crusoe and his good man Friday—aged five!

DWARF OAK

By Eleanor DeLamater

GEORGE was dreaming. He thought he was back at the orphanage, hating the walls and the smells and the dumb white faces of the other kids. Then he thought he was out of it, with days and terrible nights of running behind him. He was squatting in the bushes like a rabbit, staring so hungrily at a little fire under a culvert that the big guy who was down there tending it finally growled:

"I see you, kid. You want some chow? My name's Buck."

The dream sharpened. It was all Buck now. It was Buck and him traveling along together, hitting it off fine, but always moving, always looking out behind. It was Buck's tough face with the broken nose, watching him. It was the two of them talking.

"Walls, heh, Georgie? You had to bust out of 'em? That sure gives us stuff in common."

"Yeah. It's lonesomer'n I thought outside. But heck! I guess you're plenty strong, Buck."

"Plenty strong for what?"

"For the both of us. You're big. I can stick around you for company."

"Umph. You so set on company?"

"Not too much, like in the orphanage. Just you."

"Me? You're a dumb little cluck, Georgie. But O. K. We'll find us a hide-out where the walls don't reach. I got a place in mind. A measly dump of an island—"

George woke up. He scratched himself and thrashed around on the sacking covers of the bunk.

The island was a small hump in the great calm bay, covered with berry bushes and scrub oak, edged with a wide band of eelgrass. It lay in the shallows, far off the boat channel; four miles from the town on the mainland, a little less than that from the longest thrust-out point of shore. Sailors used the distant dot to take their bearings, but it was never visited. Hardly any one knew that its beach cracked deeply inward at one point to make a tiny tidal harbor. No one knew that a weather-beaten shack stood out of sight on this shore and that a man and a boy had been living there for months.

George heaved over sleepily in the bright quiet. He felt the chill on his neck where Buck had cut the hair last week, under a bowl. Buck— He jerked full awake and sat up and swung his thin bare legs to the floor. The bunk below his was empty! The banked fire on the hearth had gone out. The mess of corn meal in a tin can was left over from his own supper and the packing-case table still had his cracked plate on it. George scowled. He was ashamed of being scared last night, of crawling into bed unfed because he felt so alone in the silent dark. But now he thought he heard a drumming sound. It must be the outboard motorboat heading in, bringing Buck back at last.

He ran outside, hitching up the burlap pants that were his only clothes. It was full morning and very quiet. The bay lay blue and empty and the island sat in the middle of it, sandy and scrubby and folded secretly around its little inlet. It was half tide. Eelgrass hid the mooring place of the two old boats that Buck had had laid up and waiting when they came here. George trotted hopefully toward the spot. But he stopped before he reached it. Only the skiff floated there, not the motorboat. It wasn't in sight anywhere. Buck wasn't back yet.

Early yesterday Buck had cranked up the outboard, as he sometimes did, to take a mess of hard clams to the dealer on the mainland. George had helped him stow the sacks and the bushel basket, then stood on the beach while he fussed with the motor, priming it.

"O. K., Georgie," Buck called. "You sit tight on the island and you'll make out fine. You got the guts to be by yourself for a while."

He always said that. George nodded.

"Sure. Bring us back some meat from town, heh, Buck? I'll cook her for supper."

"I might." He had to shout above the sputtering engine as he slid away. "And, George—you got the skiff. You can row any place if you should want. So long, kid."

He waved and George waved back. He felt good as he watched his friend head out across open water. He had the guts to be by himself!

But that was yesterday morning. And he was still by himself.

George kicked the wet sand under his feet. For a minute he forgot to be a tough egg going on thirteen and just felt like a kid who had never been left like this before. But it passed. The island was friendly in the daylight, very small, every inch of it familiar. The lonely night was over. There wouldn't be another, because Buck would turn up today, for sure. He dropped off his pants and waded into the warm shallow water for his brief morning dip.

He didn't throw much of a shadow as he stood there in the sun. He was thin. His ribs stuck out and his knees were knobby and he was short for his age. Just a runt. But he was burned dark as an Indian all over. He dripped dry, then put on his pants and trudged back across the narrow beach to the cabin. Keep busy, he thought.

They had come to the island months ago, he and Buck. They had come overland, hopping freight trains

He was stuck there, one arm stretched over his head. George swarmed easily up the trunk.

and hitchhiking, dodging hobo jungles, and always working their way toward the shore. They got here in April. It was deep summer now, and already George had caught the hang of things like a native. He took to it so easy—swimming and clamming and picking berries and even grubbing in the tiny corn patch—that it seemed all the dark days before must have been a dream.

"You're a natural," Buck sometimes said to him. "You got it in your blood. I bet your folks was seaside folks, if you only knew."

Maybe so. He liked the life. He even liked it now, alone.

Georgie tidied up the shack and swept the flattened witch grass around it with a twig broom. He chopped some wood from the pile at the rear, choosing big pieces so he could show Buck. Then he took his hoe and climbed to the cleared place on the slope where the corn was growing up fast. The tall stalks hid him completely as he scratched around their roots. George weeded nearly half the corn rows. Then he quit and went down to eat. He hadn't had any breakfast.

There was a good stock of tinned things in the cabin. He opened some beans, and while they heated he studied the label on the can. He'd learned to read at the orphanage and he liked to practice up on any printed stuff he found.

"We guarantee these beans to be genuine"—he read—"with pork and sauce and ready to eat—"

The beans sizzled presently. He dished them out and gobbled them. They sat so sudden and heavy on his stomach that he had to stretch out in the sun for a while to sleep off the full feeling. But later he headed for the shore again, where the dead low tide exposed the mud flats. He dug a mess of soft clams, sinking his rake wherever a little squirt of water gave the buried shellfish away. He left the full sack in the eelgrass to keep wet and fresh. Then it was time to go up on the little bluff that faced the mainland and start watching for Buck.

There was an old oak on the bluff, the only tall tree on the island. It stood up gaunt and deep-rooted against any weather. George squatted in the shade, feeling the strength behind and above him—like Buck's. He sat there a long time. Buck didn't come. No black speck put out from the distant shore. No boats passed.

George hung on until deep dusk when his aching eyes couldn't see any more. Then he got slowly to his feet on the top of the sandbank. He stared at the sky and the sullen water, and he thought, Too rough for the outboard tonight. Tomorrow—If he don't come tomorrow, I'll take the skiff and go after him. I can row any place in the skiff.

It made him feel better, in spite of the dark hours ahead. He fetched his soft clams and went indoors and locked up tight. He cooked and ate and crawled into the bunk. The night

stirrings and rustlings kept him stiff awake for a long time, but at last he dozed off. It was easier to sleep when he had a plan. He heard the storm come up without really waking. No thunder, just rain and a hard wind out of the south.

Morning broke gray and dripping but quiet. The bay looked calm, though it was roiled up with sand. George jumped out of bed. He stuffed himself on mush and condensed milk against the long pull ahead. Then he hurried outdoors, lugging the oars, to get into his boat. But he suddenly stopped short on the beach as if something had hit him.

"Gee!" he whispered aloud.

The skiff was there, moored to a big stone. Waves had rushed up the inlet last night. They had swung her broadside to the bank and pounded her rotten old planking. She lay half swamped, one side smashed and her bottom stove in. She was a wreck—no use at all.

George stared. It came over him quite slowly that he couldn't go ashore to find Buck. He couldn't go any place. Not now—maybe never. The fear he'd been fighting reared up like a wave and fell on him all at once. He began to shout.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help, somebody! I'm stuck here! Somebody come!"

Nobody came. Nobody answered. George whimpered. He yelled again: "Buck! Buck! Buck!"

But it wasn't any use. It hurt his throat. George took a deep breath and the fit passed.

"He'll come," he told himself. "Today he'll come. I better clear up around here, after this blow."

And he plodded back to the cabin to start.

After that the days all seemed to run in together. Nothing happened to mark them and George lost track. They were bad days. The work got ahead of him because there was no-

body to help and nobody to tell him what to do. The shack and the clearing grew messy and the corn patch straggled. He spent the nights in the locked cabin with his head under the covers. He didn't eat much. Mostly he just sat on the bluff, under the oak, and watched the empty bay. Buck would come. He had to!

Maybe a week went by—maybe more. Then one day George saw a boat. He was up the inlet at the time, wading along thigh-deep, feeling with his hands in the sandy bottom for hard clams. He suddenly heard the put-put of a motor, and gasped and jerked erect. But it wasn't the outboard. He saw that at once when his searching eyes traced the sound. It was a sailboat out in the bay. Her hull was white. Her canvas hung limp in the dead flat calm and the little hump of her cabin showed below it. She was moving slowly, not headed toward the island but hugging the mainland point where, on clear days like today, the shape of a big white house stood out. The noise of her one-lung engine hammered on the stillness.

George stared. His heart bumped and he couldn't swallow. There she was, a mile—maybe two miles—away. Somebody was passing as close as that.

"Hey!" he whispered. "Hey, lookahere!"

But he only whispered it. Shouting was no good. He never shouted any more, because of the lonely echo. He gulped hard and turned his back and went on with his clamming.

QUITE a while passed. The afternoon waned. The tide began to rise and the water grew colder against his legs. He thought—but he didn't look around—that there must be a swell coming in, for he heard a soft splashing behind him at the mouth of the harbor. But it wasn't a swell. In a minute it came again, nearer, and a voice—a human voice!—suddenly said:

"Yay!"

George whirled, staggering and nearly falling in the water. Then he stood still and stared. He didn't believe what he saw.

It was a kid, a little boy, floating there on the quiet surface with a blown-up automobile tire around his middle. He had a round face and blue eyes and he had one of those cocked hats on his head—the kind made out of a folded newspaper.

"Yay!" he said again. "Yay, boy!"

George swallowed.

"What—" he began, then changed his voice from its first hoarse croak. "What the heck? Where'd you come from? How'd you get here?"

"Boat," the kid answered, bobbing up and down. "I swam on my ring."

George gaped. He glanced at the white hull still floating across the bay and figured the distance. Yes, it could be done; in the calm, with the tide pushing. But for a little brat who couldn't swim, who had only a rubber tire to hold him up—gosh! He felt a little breathless.

"Here!" he grunted.

He reached in and caught the seat of the red bathing trunks and heaved the kid ashore. He set him on his feet there and frowned down at his cheerful face.

"Some dumb stunt! You might've drowned, floating around every place—a baby like you!"

"Not a baby. I'm five."

"Gee, only five! What did they let you go off swimming for? They must be nuts. Who's on that boat, anyways?"

"Binnie."

"Who's Binnie?"

"My nurse. I don't like her. She smokes."

"What if she does?"

The kid stuck out his underlip.

"She smokes! We went for a sail and she smoked. She shut me in the cabin, so I wouldn't see and tell my mommy. But I saw. I got undressed and blew up my ring and squee-eezed out the window. I swam."

"I'll say you did!" George had to chuckle. "And she never saw you, heh? Boy, will she holler when she finds out you went! She'll be looking every place for you. She'll be coming around here looking any time now."

No answer. He suddenly saw that the small teeth were chattering, the hands and feet all wrinkled up from the water.

"You're cold," he said rather crossly. "You got to get warmed up. Come on."

He led the way across the beach and into the cabin. He stripped off the boy's trunks and rubbed him down with a piece of sacking. He wrapped him in an old sweater of Buck's and heated some leftover mush for him to eat.

The pale lips turned red. The paper hat fell off, showing the straight yellow hair under it, not even wet. Presently George hustled him outside again, where they could squat on the doorstep in the sun's last hot rays. He didn't quite know what to do next. Then he remembered Buck's greeting to him that night under the culvert so long ago. He glanced at the small hunched figure with the gray sweater draped around it like a long dress.

MY name's George," he stated.

"George," the kid nodded. "Yay, George. Yay, yay—"

"What's yours?"

He stared into space a second. He took a breath under the tentlike sweater.

"Roffingalay-secum," he blurted. Then he added, "Maple Street."

George felt blank.

"Roffing—? Come again?"

"Roffingalay-secum. Maple Street."

"Nuts! What's it? Indian?"

"Where?" He glanced around quickly. "Where's Indians?"

"No place, dummy. But that stuff—that Roffinga—it's crazy!" He frowned a moment, then nodded. "Maple Street. It's where you live, heh? Well, that's O. K. for a name."

It was O. K. He liked it. It meant rich kids. It meant the days, back at the orphanage, when they would all be taken out for an airing. They would march two by two, with the matrons beside them, through pretty places. Maple Street, Oak Lane, Elm Drive. He could see them now, in the sunlight, with the leaves falling and the rich kids playing on their lawns. They looked fat and jolly—and happy, like this one.

"O. K., Maple Street," George said.

"Yay," Maple Street said.

THEY sat quiet for a while. The sun went down and the rising water before them turned darker. George glanced toward the oak tree on the bluff. He'd ought to go up there and start looking out for Buck. But he didn't move. The kid beside him was nodding a little as the food and the warmth took hold of him. He better rest. He better not be left, a baby like him. For the first time, George thought that Buck, when he came, would get to the island all right without him watching all the time. He relaxed. He could still see the sailboat from here, and could imagine the scared woman on board her. He kept expecting her to turn in this direction on a desperate search. But she didn't turn.

"That nurse," he drawled after a while. "That Binnie. She better start looking for you. She better come out here and get you."

Maple Street opened his heavy eyes.

"Don't want her. Don't like her."

"But your ma. You like her, heh? She'll be fit to be tied, with you gone."

"She's not home. She's never home. Or my pop."

"Umph!" George didn't get it but wouldn't say so. "Well, somebody better get you back to shore. I can't. I'm stuck here—till Buck comes."

"Who's Buck?"

"He's my friend. He's a swell big guy that takes care of things. He's off some place now, but he'll be back. I got to wait here for him."

"I'll wait too," Maple Street said. "I like it. I like you."

George blinked. He knew it wasn't so. He knew there'd soon be people to fetch Maple Street. And of course a guy like him didn't want a little kid tagging him. But just for a second he was glad of the clear voice saying, "I'll wait, too." He glanced toward the sailboat, half afraid to see her nearer. Then he stiffened.

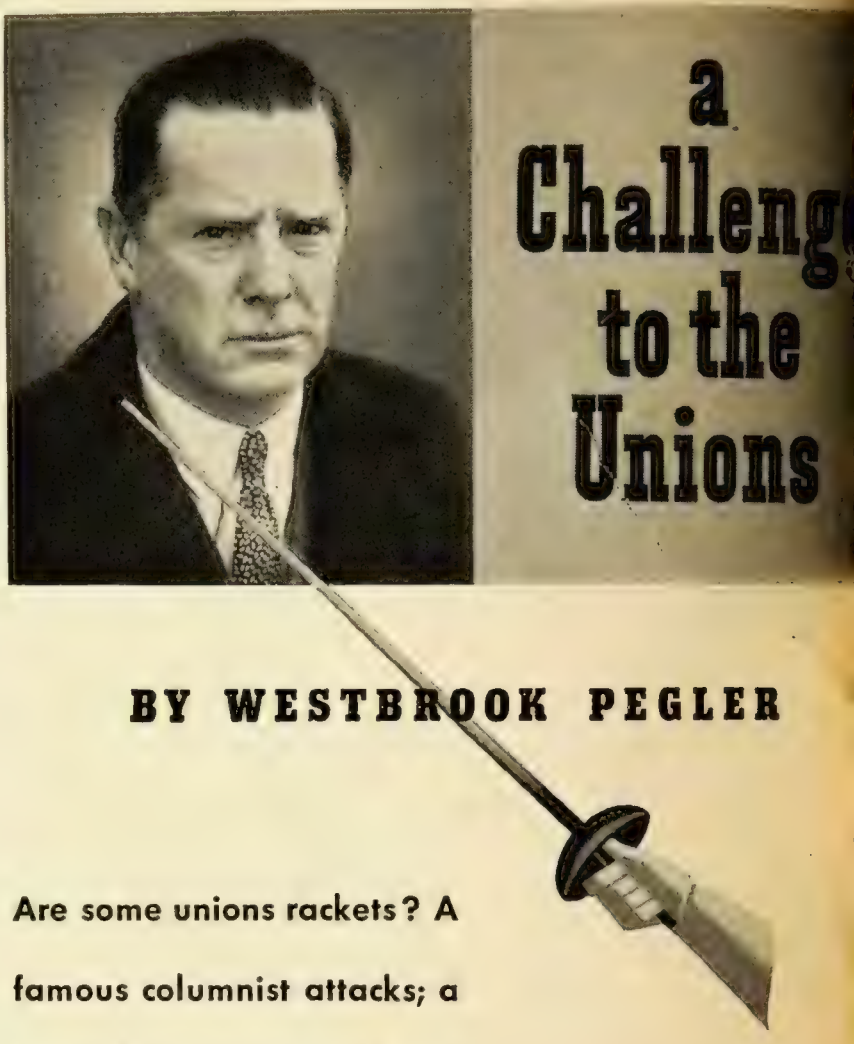
"Hey!" he gasped. "Hey, look! What's that?"

It was a thick column of smoke rising from the white hull. It billowed and mushroomed in the still dusk, and yellow tongues showed up against it, even at this distance.

"Fire! She's afire! She's burning right up. If that Binnie's on board—"

(*Continued on page 58*)

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



a Challenge to the Unions

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER

Are some unions rackets? A famous columnist attacks; a labor leader answers him

TO take their word for it, the two great American mantraps of organized labor, operating under a special government license known as the Wagner Act, now hold in captivity about 8,500,000 workers. Some of these members are true-believing unionists who recognize the faults and iniquities of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations but minimize and condone them for solidarity's sake. Even these are captives, however, for they do not possess the right to quit without exposing themselves to terrible penalties. Many others are truly political prisoners who were rounded up in the competitive man hunt that began when the C. I. O. broke away from the old, corrupt, and corpulent A. F. of L. job-trust and became a rival.

How many American citizens are victims of a compulsion contrived by their government, ostensibly for their own benefit, and enforced by the Labor Relations Board we cannot know. We can assume, however, that if the compulsion were suddenly removed, vast numbers would make a break for liberty, because the unions do not trust their own members to pay their dues and assessments and come to meetings. Instead, wherever they can, they insist on the check-off, which simply means that the employer must deduct from the wages of the workers such money as the unions see fit to demand as dues and various extras and turn it over in a lump to the union treasury. If the unions had confidence in the devotion of their members, they would not insist on this.

In their more realistic moments the unioneers of both big houses admit that the average person prefers to handle his own money and make his own decisions as to the order in which his bills shall be paid. And those who are union members by compulsion and joined up only as an alternative to the loss of their jobs would not pay at all if they had their way. Even where the check-off does not prevail, as in the case of workers in the building trades, many members would refuse to pay if they could. That is why the worker is compelled to carry a union card showing that he is not delinquent in his dues or extras, without which, in good order, he is barred from employment at his lawful occupation in his own country.

Now, what is the nature of these organizations called labor unions which, in the language of the New Deal and of the subsidized and corrupt labor press, are presented as enthusiastic legions of militant free men marching to triumph over the bosses?

But hold on a minute. Did I speak of the labor press as subsidized and corrupt? I did, and who wants to make anything out of it? These papers, with some exceptions, are violently bigoted and viciously dishonest. The reason is that their publishers and editors must always pretend they are fighting for the workers when they are only fighting to fatten and protect their own soft jobs.

They circulate almost exclusively among the union membership and purport to provide news which the lay or standard press conceals or distorts. While it is true that in the social gossip of Local XYZ and of the ladies' auxiliary they give a coverage not found in the regular dailies, it is also true that they carefully conceal rackets which are practiced on the workers by the leaders and denounce as labor baiters all who expose thievery and oppression within the ruling circle. Some of these publications also operate the old high-pressure we-boys racket by which merchants and other employers are persuaded to buy useless advertising space as an alternative to blacklisting, stink-bombing, and other coercive devices.

As journalism, they are of a very low order, poorly written and as badly edited and bound by no regard for fact, accuracy, or honest presentation.

They include, also, a number of Communist publications which do not declare their adherence to Stalin but promote this anti-American political malady at the financial expense of the union members.

The nature of American unions varies in particulars, but they all have this in common: they flatly deny the worker's right to bargain individually and retain the fruit of his own toil, subject only to the public taxes.

Mr. Dan Tobin, the international president of the teamsters, a good and pious Catholic gentleman, now draws a big salary, but he is still at heart the consecrated man who, many years ago, assumed high responsibility and great personal risks to fight against the fifteen-hour day at twelve dollars a week which was the dreary lot of the horse teamster. Compelled by the nature of his duties

(*Continued on page 51*)

a Challenge to Mr. Pegler

BY MATTHEW WOLL

Woll is, of course, vice-president of the erican Federation of Labor. Mr. Pegler in widely read newspaper column is organized or's severest public critic, and last February, ore the House Judiciary Committee, he de some of the charges he now presses in erty. He used to be a sports writer and tor; had previously been a U. P. correspond- abroad and served with the U. S. Navy.

MR. PEGLER claims he is talking about the American labor movement. What he describes has little relation to the movement I have worked in the greater part of my life. What the sources of wisdom are that qualify him to make such sweeping statements without giving any evidence, I do not know. The ordinary labor baiter contents himself with magnifying real or supposed abuses by labor, but will, if pressed, admit that these abuses are not typical. Mr. Pegler must be given credit for a less equivocal view. While he concedes that there are probably some honest individuals in the ranks of organized labor, there is apparently not a single good union, nor has any union ever done anything of which he approves. While the ordinary labor baiter produces a picture of unionism that is merely misleading, Mr. Pegler in his short article has succeeded in giving us one that is totally false.

He asserts that great numbers of unionists are forced to belong because of the Wagner Act and the check-off, and that they would desert *en masse* if they dared.

First, the Wagner Act does not force anybody to join a union. It does not enforce the closed shop. It does prohibit the employer from interfering with the rights of employees to form or join a union or from punishing them for doing so. It does encourage collective bargaining but does not compel employers or workers to enter into agreements that may prove unacceptable to either. It has been upheld by the Supreme Court despite Mr. Pegler's charge that it is a "government license" to hold in captivity about 8,500,000 workers.

The act is by no means perfect. It does contain certain weaknesses. This has been recognized by no one more clearly than by the American Federation of Labor. But under no stretch of the imagination can it be said to be either a "license of government" or an instrument to "hold workers in captivity." On the contrary, the law is designed to free the workers from the fear of punishment that would follow their joining a union. Perhaps Mr. Pegler would prefer again to place workers under complete domination of employers. At any rate, the fact remains that there was a powerful labor movement long before the Wagner Act came into existence.

Second, the overwhelming majority of unions do not have the check-off. It is the outgrowth of a practice originated by employers in deducting out of employees' wages rent due for use of company houses, bills contracted for necessities at company stores, and the like. In more recent years any number of employers have been deducting group-insurance premiums from wages of employees, yet Mr. Pegler would not condemn this practice. The check-off is found in very few unions—like the United Mine Workers and a few others. And then it is valid only when the individual consents to such deduction.

The check-off is a controversial practice—there are some good arguments for it; there are those, even among labor leaders, who oppose it. But in well over 90 per cent of the labor movement no such practice exists.

Mr. Pegler says that if unions would trust their members to pay their own dues and assessments and come to meetings, there would be a great "break for liberty." The answer is that the great majority of unions *do* trust their members to do these things. Thousands of union members do drop out—but millions remain, and thousands more continually join, of their own free will. Moreover, dues are not "demanded" by the officers but voted on by the members.

Any union official who reads Mr. Pegler's article must smile wanly at the picture he presents. Ask any official about difficulties encountered at times in collecting dues and keeping members from dropping out, let alone getting any "extra assessments" approved. Yet, without departing from voluntary methods, organized labor has succeeded in reaching its present pinnacle of membership and financial resources.

Mr. Pegler next launches into an excited attack on the labor press. He asserts that most labor papers represent a low standard of journalism and that a number expound the Communist position. These are the only criticisms of labor he makes which contain some small measure of truth. But if journalistic standards are low, it is because the labor press cannot pay enough to attract editors with journalistic training.

According to Mr. Pegler, labor editors have to distort and censor news in order to protect their "soft jobs." There may be some soft jobs, but the average labor editor is grievously underpaid. Many labor papers are put out entirely as a labor of love, or by a regular union official after hours. I dare say the average

(*Continued on page 52*)

READING TIME • 41 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

the House on

Today's war on a secret front! A vivid novel of love, spies, danger!

IN Antwerp a mysterious woman, known as Fräulein Doktor—after that other German woman who did such incredible work during the first World War—is expertly schooling espionage agents for the Nazis. In England, Colonel Sir John Helton (Old Helly-John), of the British Intelligence, is planning to smuggle one of his men into Fräulein Doktor's school.

He chooses Peter Stanleigh, his nephew. Paul Sturm, who has been working for the Nazis in Canada under Mme. Frederika, is captured in England on his way to the Antwerp school. Sir John forces him to give the password, and Peter, with Sturm's papers and in Sturm's clothes, presents himself to the Baron von Rautter, alias Schmidt, who is the Fräulein's right-hand man, and is taken to the school, a house on Harmony Street. He is questioned and is accepted as Sturm. He meets Fräulein Doktor, an amazingly good-looking woman, who seems interested in him. He also manages to visit D'Hasque, a patriotic Belgian who has been smuggling young Belgians out of the country to fight side by side with the British. Through a secret wireless operated by D'Hasque's friend, Dupon, a hairdresser, Peter expects to keep in touch with Sir John in England.

One night he sees a brown-eyed girl—a student of Fräulein's—near D'Hasque's office. When he gets back, she is entering the Harmony Street house.

PART TWO—THE GIRL WITH THE BROWN EYES

THE message D'Hasque had given Stanleigh showed that Old Helly-John had had further intimations that preliminaries to the next attempt at invasion of England were being directed from Antwerp as the place best able to communicate with the forces in both France and Norway. By now, Peter realized it was not an unlikely surmise. Von Brauchmann's presence certainly indicated something. And if the old Steen was undergoing renovation, it wasn't to be ignored. Peter had once been through it. He remembered the small dungeons off the lower main rooms, those cells to which not one ray of daylight penetrated, called *oubliettes* because the prisoners in them during the Inquisition had been given a constantly smaller and smaller ration of bread and water each day until they were *oublié*—forgotten. He recalled the Inquisition's torture implements displayed in the museum rooms.

Was it true that the Steen was no longer a museum, but once more the headquarters of another Inquisition? Logical, he thought. He must find out more about it. Regardless of the deep heavy structure and thick walls, there were bombs that might pierce it—those new ones. And if plans for the invasion effort were being made here in Antwerp—and it seemed they might be, when you considered Fräulein's comments and activities with von Brauchmann—it was his job to get them.

Fräulein Doktor sent for him less than fifteen minutes after his return from his afternoon of freedom. His mind went immediately to the girl he had seen near D'Hasque's and again at the house door. He was sure now the two were one. Too bad. Her eyes, when she'd looked at him in the doorway, were really lovely.

He reached the lower hall on his way to answer Fräulein's summons. Suddenly he heard a shot. It came from within Fräulein Doktor's apartment. Swiftly Peter ducked into the shadows under the stairway. If some one had aimed at the Fräulein, he was not going to be the one to investigate—ungallant attitude toward a woman and all that, but it would be dangerous to be the person to find her. Almost as dangerous as popping her off.

Strange place, this! He heard footsteps. The angle of the stairway cut off all but a quick view of a short bit of the hallway. He had only a brief glimpse of Schmidt and Hans as they came along. They entered the anteroom. Shortly they returned. Big Hans was carrying a man. Peter thought he was the one who had come back from France the night before.

He waited a moment and then rang the bell to keep his appointment with Fräulein Doktor. The inner doors slid back. Fräulein stood behind her desk. A small revolver lay on top of it. She was alone. Then she must have been alone with the man when the shot was fired. She looked at Peter more pleasantly than she ever had before.

"If you had been a bit earlier, Herr G27," she said as he entered, "you would have seen how we handle inefficiency." She lit a cigarette and drew a deep satisfied breath. "Involuntary traitors are more dangerous than intentional ones, who usually have a sign of guilt about them. Our reward for both is the same." Her manner was that of one who has enjoyed a moment of triumph and feels expansive. "Be seated, Herr Sturm."

He wondered what had gone on in those minutes before the shot was fired. It had certainly given her pleasure. For the moment his own position had gone out of his mind. Now it came back and the import of the shot was not lost. He waited for her question.

She looked at him strangely. "You are very different from a man born and bred in Germany," she said slowly, "even though you are German." Odd the way she added the last phrase.

"You must certainly have met Schmidt and Hans in the hall—you may even have heard the shot—yet you came in almost immediately. You did not wait to be called again."

Her voice was grave. "I've been frightened time after time, and I've lived through it."

Harmony Street

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

"It seemed to be finished business," answered Peter dryly.

She laughed. It sent a shiver through him. Bad enough for a man to make a remark like that without a woman laughing. But he was right, that was the way to get on with her.

"You have humor," she said, "humor like—" She interrupted herself, apparently thinking better of what she had started to say. She looked at him a full moment as though seeing something clearly. "Yes"—she verified it—"*you* are not afraid either." Her eyes were still on him. Or were they looking through him at some one else?

"The men I meet in the halls don't look like cowards," he said.

"They are not cowards, but they are also not without fear. You are." She still sounded as though her mind were far off.

"The Fräulein should know," he answered.

"Yes," she said, "*I* know." She seemed to pull herself together. "You will need a hard humor and no fear later—when you go to America."

Peter stiffened at the jolt but his voice sounded only surprised. "Canada again?"

"No—the United States. Your speech and your appearance will pass there. In your studies from now on, you will concentrate on the information we have on the United States."

Peter could see his plans going askew. "Herr Schmidt has told me to center on England."

"I shall inform Schmidt." Fräulein Doktor was her sardonic self again. "Only routine men will be needed there by the time you are ready. I think you are not a routine man."

He wished he knew when to read a double meaning into her words and when to take them at face value. "Is my course here to be so long," he ventured, "or is the course of England to be so short?"

"You must learn to keep hate out of your voice, Herr Sturm."

"I had hoped to do something about England," he said stubbornly.

"If you work hard, perhaps you will see something of that show from here. It may be a matter for you to practice on in preparation for America."

PETER waited silently.

Her hand touched the small gun that was on her desk. She seemed almost to caress it. It brought back her earlier thoughts. "Did you ever hear of an espionage agent named Karl Vronky?"

"No, I think not."

"Very few ever did—except those who worked with him. That the world should *not* know his name is the greatest tribute to a great spy. The man I speak of had humor—he had no fear, and he was stubborn, as you are—but also he knew how to use those qualities to advantage. You could learn from him."

The turn of the talk, the change in her voice, which had again grown warm, puzzled Peter. "But you speak of him as though I shall not have the chance."

"No," she said, and put the gun away in the drawer with a gesture of finality. "The next time you go out, do not return in company with C18."

"With whom?" How the woman's mind jumped around. So she had heard from the girl after all.

"She has very attractive brown eyes," observed Fräulein.

Peter made no attempt to explain. "I prefer blue," he said impudently, "blue-gray."

She stared at him for a moment. Then she began to laugh. It was as though she had not laughed like that in a very long time.

The door buzzer sounded. She pushed the button that opened it. Schmidt stepped in.

Peter clicked his heels, bowed, and raised his arm in the approved fashion. "Thank you, Fräulein Doktor," he said, and left quickly.

Schmidt looked at her, at the back of G27, and once more at Fräulein Doktor. "What is it?" he asked.

The laughter went out of her face. "Does he remind you a little of Karl?" she asked.

"Frieda!" gasped Schmidt. "That can be dangerous."

"No." She smiled again. "It means he can be useful, Schmidt—very useful to *me*."

STANLEIGH hurried the tailor with his fitting. As he approached the house on the Longue Rue de Ruysbroeck, D'Hasque came out of the door, looked steadily in his direction a moment, crossed the street, and turned at the corner into the Rue du Bélier. Peter followed, but on his own side of the street. D'Hasque looked across only once to make sure Stanleigh had understood. They arrived at the Place de l'Aurore. It was a quiet neighborhood. The block behind them was empty. No one was trailing them. D'Hasque waited for him.

As they crossed the little park, Peter told him of the girl whom he had seen as he left on his first visit.

"Yes," said D'Hasque, "she was coming to me."

"Did you know she came from the house of Fräulein Doktor?"

"She is the only one I could trust for news from there until you came," said D'Hasque.

"Are you sure of her?" Stanleigh's voice was sharp.

"During the year and a half that we have expected this," said the man, keeping pace with him, "she has worked her way into the Rexist Party and brought us their news. She got close to Callowaert. You know what he was—and is now. Then, when the key to the Albert Canal defenses was being handed over to the Nazis on a silver platter, we saw to it that she was found in company with Callowaert. She got into Fräulein Doktor's establishment through him—an excellent introduction. Her name there is Maria Luys. Others have tried to get in, but each was found out."

"And you know you can trust her?" asked Stanleigh again.

"I think so," said D'Hasque; "she is my daughter."

The entrance to Pierre Dupon's small shop with its sign, "Coiffeur—Mesdames et Messieurs," was on a corner of the Place de l'Aurore, but the door of his house, which communicated with the shop at the back, was on the side street. Mme. Dupon opened the house door as soon as they came in front of it. They went to a big living room on the second floor.

MME. DUPON had the most elaborately curled straw-yellow hair that Peter had ever seen off a stage or a cinema screen. It was amusing above her exceedingly sensible face. She was about forty-five.

"We are sure to be safe from interruption today," she said happily, "because they raided us only yesterday."

At D'Hasque's quick interrogating look, she added, "No, Anton—they wanted only potatoes and the rest of the copper. See? They took even the little hinges off the piano lid." She turned to Peter. "You must forgive us, M. le Capitaine, we can offer you only homemade bitter beer. We are used to it, but it may seem strange to you."

"Did they get all your copper, Elise?" asked D'Hasque as she started to go for the beer.

"Don't be foolish, Anton. Of course not! You see that chimney into which the fireplace is fitted?" she asked Stanleigh. "My favorite pots and pans and candlesticks are strung together and depended inside it. But this time I have used a chain. In 1914 we used a rope. At last, when the war was over, we went to draw up our treasures and the rope had rotted and they had all fallen down into the bottom of the chimney." She tipped back her head and laughed heartily. "I shall never forget our faces when we saw it. We might as well have let the Boche have them! Remember, Anton?"

"But you got them out from the trap at the bottom of the flue, didn't you?" asked Peter.

She was more amused than ever. "You do not know how old Flemish houses are built if you would try that," she told him. "There are no traps at the bottoms of chimneys. They are built into the foundation walls very solidly and what goes to the bottom stays there. No, we did not get them. So now I know better. That last war taught us how to live *now*. That was a rehearsal. It is a great game—fooling the Boche—and I am good at it!" Her eyes twinkled. "I even have some potatoes!" She went to get the beer.

Pierre Dupon, whom they found in the shop, was a slim fellow, as matter-of-fact as his wife.

The reason for madame's elaborate

(*Continued on page 45*)

Baseball Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY

W. J. "BILL" KLEM

Chief of Staff, National League Umpires

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—Let's see how you are on baseball lingo! What is (*a*) a redneck? (*b*) a holler guy? (*c*) a spot pitcher?

2—Now, how about some nicknames? What players do you connect with these monikers: (*a*) Blimp? (*b*) the Mad Russian? (*c*) Bobo? (*d*) Hot Potato?

3—Who was the originator of baseball, and where was the game first played?

4—Which major-league team has never had a manager in uniform?

5—If I say, "Carl Hubbell is a southpaw; Vernon Gomez is a portsider; and Mose Grove is a crooked-arm"—what am I telling you about those pitchers?

6—What is (*a*) a change-of-pace? (*b*) a fat one? (*c*) a fireball?

7—Who was (*a*) Big Six? (*b*) the Big Train? (*c*) the Georgia Peach? (*d*) Muggsy?

8—He was the world's greatest all-round athlete, a star at track, baseball, and football, but he was forced out of major-league baseball because of one weakness. Who was he? And what was the weakness?

9—What teams do you associate with these nicknames: (*a*) the Gashouse Gang? (*b*) the Robins? (*c*) the Hitless Wonders? (*d*) the Seals?

10—Burleigh Grimes, Big Ed Walsh, and Clarence Mitchell had what in common?

11—Connie Mack's famous $100,000 infield of 1911-14 included Home-run Baker, third base; Black Jack Barry, shortstop; and Stuffy McInnis, first base. Who was at second?

12—What becomes of the money realized from the annual All-Star Game between teams representing the major leagues?

13—What innovation has built up attendance for the less prosperous ball clubs in recent years?

14—A catcher was the goat of the 1939 World's Series; another was the hero of the 1940 World's Series. Names, please, and why?

15—Name the "pet pitch" used by (*a*) Christy Mathewson; (*b*) Carl Hubbell; (*c*) Freddie Fitzsimmons.

16—What's meant by (*a*) the Grapefruit League? (*b*) the hot corner? (*c*) a clothesline hit? (*d*) a Texas Leaguer?

17—He's considered the best "waiter" in baseball. Up to the close of the 1940 season he had drawn 1,235 bases on balls. Who is he?

18—When there's a man on third, and the batter tries to score him by bunting, what do you call it?

19—Back in 1917, Grantland Rice wrote a stirring war ballad with the refrain, "Old Lank Hank was the first to go," to honor the first major-league star to volunteer in the first World War. Who was he?

20—For what do baseball fans remember (*a*) Bill Wambsganss? (*b*) Johnny Vander Meer?

21—The following are rival managers in cities having teams representing both National and American Leagues: Joe McCarthy, Casey Stengel, Billy Southworth, Connie Mack, Jimmy Wilson, Bill Terry, Doc Prothro, Jimmy Dykes, Joe Cronin, Fred Haney. Can you pair them?

22—Mike Gonzales, now coach for the St. Louis Cardinals, once telegraphed John McGraw a four-word report on a certain rookie, which has become a classic. What is it?

23—When a pitcher is well on his way to a no-hit game, what's the worst possible breach of baseball etiquette?

24—Can you name three pet baseball superstitions?

25—W. C. Tuttle, famous author of Western stories, is prominent in baseball. What position does he hold?

26—It should be easy for you to name four standout rookies of the 1941 season, even though a couple of guys named Joe may surprise you.

27—Mention three famous "sets" of ballplaying brothers.

28—How can a pitcher make four strike-outs in one inning?

29—Why are some ballplayers known as "jockeys," and what's the difference between a "bench jockey" and a "locker-room jockey"?

30—Can you identify (*a*) the Meal Ticket? (*b*) the Sultan of Swat? (*c*) the Iron Horse?

31—Can a pitcher who has been taken out of the box return and resume pitching later in the same game?

32—When you hear of a ballplayer having "rabbit ears," what do you understand it to mean?

33—Who were the two new managers in the major leagues at the opening of the 1941 season?

34—"Don't git hoited, Hoiman!" was the cry of Brooklyn fans whenever Babe Herman took off after a fly ball. Why?

35—What's the difference between a gopher ball and a rabbit ball?

36—Why are Joe Beggs, of the Cincy Reds, and Mace Brown, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, known as "firemen"?

37—What were the three chief teams Wee Willie Keeler played with, and what famous advice did he give about batting?

38—Baseball writers call the bat the willow, the hickory, or the ash. Which is most likely to be right?

39—When a batter is instructed to "take" a pitch, should he (*a*) let it hit him? (*b*) try to bunt? (*c*) let it go by? (*d*) take a cut at it?

40—What does RBI mean?

(*Answers will be found on page 65*)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Feminine Fidgets... AND ONE CURE FOR THEM

TAKE me with you. *Please* take me with you! I don't care where you're going or how long you stay, if you'll only take me with you!"

Nice girls of all ages, from high school to grandmotherhood, write letters like this to complete strangers. The reason they do so is not what you probably have surmised. They aren't fishing for love throbs. They're begging for straight adventure.

Every famous explorer is always up to his neck in mail from volunteer females. Women yearn to brave tropic jungles with Frank Buck; they burn to refrigerate on antarctic ice with Admiral Byrd; they clamor to wing weird altitudes with pioneering airmen of the stratosphere; they cry to dive deep undersea in Will Beebe's bathysphere. Innumerable women are hotfoot to risk dire discomfort or death for the sake of novel thrills, new sights, new achievements. When a girl wants to go adventuring—she wants to go.

If she's smart about it, any girl stands a good chance of satisfying her adventurous ambition in one way or another, and with profit to herself instead of harm. But if she lets the venturesome urge run away with her common sense, she is sure to be on her way toward more pain than pleasure. This article aims to map out the likeliest routes now open to girls who crave adventure—also to point at a few bad detours the girls had better avoid.

To begin with, clear your decks for action by getting rid of the idea that adventure cannot come to you unless you're miles from home. It may pop up from behind the honeysuckle vine on your small-town veranda, or among the steel filing cabinets in the big-city office where you work. It may awaken you late in life, after years of maternal devotion to family affairs. Adventure recognizes neither time nor place when it strikes its spark in a woman's heart.

As proved by true-life examples: Osa Johnson, widow of Martin Johnson, didn't know *she* was wedding far-famed adventure when she embarked on her schoolgirl elopement. When Ruth Harkness married a naturalist she had no idea she would carry on his quest after his death, and bring home the first baby panda ever seen in our western world. Neither did Margaret Bourke-White have any inkling, to begin with, of the exciting journeys and personalities she would meet up with through her yen for fine photography.

In each case they simply fell head over heels in love with their work—and adventure came tumbling after.

While it's a happy fact, as we have observed, that a girl may find adventure waiting for her on her doorstep, it is equally possible for another girl to roam the whole wide world without catching a glimpse of it anywhere. Five years ago I attended the wedding of a girl who seemed destined surely for romance. She was marrying a young mining engineer just assigned to a prospecting job in the tropics of southern Mexico and Central America. Away they went, all atingle with picture-book expectations. Last month they returned, tickled pink to stay home from now on in the small Indiana town where, henceforth, the young engineer will help manage his father's rope factory. I asked the girl if she hadn't enjoyed her adventurous newlywed years. She made a face of disgust. "Adventure my eye!" was her answer. "Dirt, bugs, and bad weather. No conveniences and no fun. If you call *that* adventure, I'll take mine right here at home, where I can be bored to death among friends."

I know two old-maid sisters, worth millions of dollars, who have traveled from one end of the earth to the other, gaining no satisfaction outside the bitter argument always going on between them as to which locality they dislike the most.

And I know Hollywood stars, girls whose lives have been miracles of bright fortune that carried them everywhere, giving them every glittering experience our world can offer—yet it left them empty in spirit—deaf, dumb, and blind to the wealth of sensations luck had lavished upon them.

Adventure is a state of mind.

You can go everywhere, see everything, without getting the slightest kick out of it all unless you are mentally prepared to recognize adventure.

There is adventure in working in a business office. Your boss's struggle for success, his vigilance against competition, his strife with jealous rivals, his dependence upon loyal helpers and his desperate fight, perhaps, to meet the payroll—this is adventure in the truest sense of the word—if you have imagination enough to see it.

Monica Dickens, great-granddaughter of Sir Charles Dickens, went out under an assumed name a couple of years ago and got herself a job as a servant girl. You might not think dishwashing, floor scrubbing, cooking, and bedmaking could be turned to adventurous advantage—yet Monica Dickens derived material from it that made her book, One Pair of Hands, a literary success. For her the experience was adventure in the purest sense of the word, since it furnished her with scenes and situations that lent her insight into ways of life she had not known before.

Here again is good proof that adventure—*paying* adventure—may be found wherever we have the ingenuity to look for it.

When I say *look for it*, I don't mean with the eyes alone, for no account of feminine venturing would be complete unless we mentioned Helen Keller, whose physical blindness has not hindered her from living a long life rich in travel and in associations with the most interesting celebrities of our time. Curiosity, courage, determination, and sympathy—these are the qualities of mind required for adventure—and any combination of them transports even the sightless to horizons *unfeeling* folk can't reach.

With sympathy and courage, girls who do social-service work in our big cities touch upon adventure every day among the violence that poverty and ignorance produce. With curiosity and determination, women of science pursue the adventure of tracing natural laws through countless hours of laboratory research.

USTRATOR
ID BERGER

A guide for all restless reckless damsels who yearn to go places and do things

BY GERALDINE YORK

With determination, sympathy, *and* courage, volunteer nurses carry our adventure of civilization—diet reform, cleanliness, modern education—into remote backward regions of our country where the march of progress isn't trusted because it isn't understood.

I have outlined some of the adventure channels open to unselfish girls—girls who want to devote their energy to the welfare of others. Opportunities here are unlimited, but don't let any one tell you there isn't plenty of adventure to be had out of trying to make money *for yourself.*

I know a widow in her middle sixties, with children grown and married, who has turned to real estate as an absorbing late-life adventure. Her house-renting agency provides her constantly with new problems, new acquaintances, new viewpoints. And in the last analysis that's all we hope for, any of us, when we go adventuring. We want the *new,* the *different,* the *unfamiliar.*

The chance for adventure may be presented unexpectedly by anything you know how to do and do well. Take for example the career of a certain housewife who knew how to make delicious pickles. She began selling them to earn pin money. Now she's a rich woman; her pickle business flourishes on a national scale. Or take the woman who happened to think of building vegetable racks on refrigerator doors. Or the woman who thought of attaching flexible springs to desk pencils. Out of the blue sky these inventive ladies made fortunes they never had dreamed of possessing. If that isn't adventure you tell me what is!

Sheer luck, you may say. If that's what you say, you're out on a limb, for real adventure is rarely a Cinderella story. The best way to miss it is just to sit and wish.

All of us feel a natural temptation to mistake mere laziness for love of adventure. When we grow weary of whatever we are doing, we kid ourselves with the belief that a more hazardous life would suit us better.

"Give timid souls their security," say we, "but deliver *us* from monotony. We're not afraid of danger or hard work—but we *can't* bear the prospect of facing the same tasks over and over again!"

Follow this line and you will arrive at the gravest error a girl can make when she sets out to have an adventurous career.

She's deluding herself. She is trying to substitute adventure for responsibility—and by an *ersatz* dodge that can't produce anything but imitation thrills.

Attempts to escape monotony are nearly always subterfuges for evading a responsible job. And it is too true, also, that a woman's responsibilities stem, as a rule, from monotonous chores. Throughout the ages women of great adventure have toed their first steps toward it by means of patient industry. Look at the record:

Egypt's Cleopatra, ace adventure girl of the ancient world, owed much of her seductive power to the trouble she took about learning languages. She mastered half a dozen Oriental tongues, as well as Latin and Greek, before she started softening assorted conquerors right and left. A little later in history there was a medieval maid named Joan of Arc whose adventures for God and country earned her a martyr's saintdom that never will die. What isn't often remembered concerning her is that she excelled at the simple duties required of her on her father's farm. Her intimate knowledge of the land inspired that love of it which thrust her forever into history. She attained the supreme adventure of commanding an army of men in victorious battle for a patriotic cause.

Now, I don't suppose any would-be adventure girl of today would choose to end her life by snake bite or by being burned at a stake—but the point I am trying to make about the girl's preparation for adventure is that she must be willing to *do* something for things she *cares* about.

You have to contribute some worth-while investment in adventure if you hope to share its dividends.

In the imagination of the average girl, adventure means going places, seeing sights, meeting people who do exciting things. Let's trace the adventure steps of three smart American girls who have gone, seen, and met:

Because of her study of foreign affairs, Dorothy Thompson has been entrusted with some of the most world-shocking inside information of all time. Is *that* adventure or isn't it? You know it is! . . . Farther from home, Teresa Colt won *her* adventure spurs by cooking palatable meals for her scientist husband and his staff during long treks into the desert lands of desolation. *Nearer* to home, I know a New Jersey schoolma'am, prim and spinsterish, whose aptitude for explaining mathematics in simple terms recently brought her an offer to join the faculty of a private college subsidized in India by a fabulously wealthy rajah.

The adventure business boils down to this:

If you're serious about it, you can write your own ticket—but you must somehow pay your way. Prepare for adventure by learning to *do* something exceptionally well.

That's your best bet.

THE END

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Through "Auntie," A. T. S. girls Kay and Joy and Doris were sent for by the colonel in command of the artillerymen with whom they were serving, and he and his officers tendered them an unofficial celebration of their courage in staying at work with the camp's anti-aircraft gunners under enemy fire. It was a real party. The boys flocked around them. But it was a party contrary to the regulations, and when the woman chief commandant of the area heard about it, the three were sent to scrub floors in the men's camp. However, a couple of artillery boys slipped in and did the scrubbing, and then the girls' commander gave them a not very stern reproof—and told them she was recommending them for special leave!

Joy's Max telegraphed her that he'd got leave and was coming to spend it with her. But Auntie brought word that new A. T. S. instruction squads were needed. Joy felt dismally that she must volunteer again. It seemed her duty—and, besides, Max didn't like a girl in uniform. Whereupon Doris, the minx, proposed to look after Max on his arrival. That was too much. Joy slipped away and had a good cry. What came of it all, she herself now tells you.

PART FOUR—SCREAMER BOMBS . . AND SPIES!

WHEN your most attractive girl friend is out with the boy friend, it takes more than ordinary concentration to keep your mind on the job. Wearing a uniform isn't sufficient; not even when she's in uniform too; not even when he doesn't like uniforms.

At six o'clock I was still prowling round the camp entrance waiting for Max. Doris had promised to bring him back. We were going to spend the evening together at the local Y. M. C. A. hut. I was still waiting at eight. At nine I ate what was left of supper—sardines and doorsteps[1]—and swigged a lonely bottle of beer.

At ten thirty Kay and I were grumbling in the air-raid shelter. When the bugle wailed "Lights out" from the men's camp, Doris' bed was still piled neatly. And so it was next morning. She had a sleeping-out pass, so she wasn't breaking regulations. I didn't have to spit into my button-cleaning paste: I cried into it.

At lunchtime Max turned up—a grandly exciting second lieutenant in the artillery. I nearly went mad with unmaidenly eagerness to hug him, but a uniform does funny things to you. I stood like a dummy. If only I'd had a silk frock—a fluffy one! I put my face up to be kissed, then stopped halfway because it seemed an unsoldierly thing to do; and I was cross with him.

After we had got grips, Max frowned. "Well, you might as well have taken your leave, when I was coming specially to see you. Don't they expect you girls to have hearts? Doris told me you volunteered to stay here. Hang it all, Joy, I've been kicking my heels in town doing nothing. Has the army got crazy or something? Decent of Doris to meet me and all that, but she had a date with a major bloke, so I've been just sitting in the hotel."

Good for Doris. Something clicked inside me. "But why didn't you come here at six o'clock last night, Max? I waited for you until lights out."

"For the simple reason I couldn't get a bus or a car. You know there was an air raid. I went to the pictures."

He smiled at me then, the same old Max I was crazy about. I put my hand in his and kissed his ear. "Oh-oh! That's better," he brightened. "So you're not the queen of hard hearts after all. Darling, you look grand in your kit, but it frightened me a bit. Can I hug you in it, or is that against the regulations?"

"Try it, honey."

We walked down by the side of the wood. Max had another day's leave. "Come back to town with me tonight, dear—come on, please—if we don't, we'll never get a chance."

I went in to see Auntie. "Of course, you little goose. Off you go, and take Mills and Cullum with you. You're wrong not to take your leave."

We drove to town in an artillery truck in high spirits. We needed them. Jerry was blitzing C——. The train was blacked out. Our compartment was a black hole of Calcutta on wheels, and there were about fifteen people instead of eight. It gave me a chance to get as close to Max as possible. Doris was on the other side, of course, with more of her head on his shoulder than pleased me. About eight miles from London we had to

It came. A terrible crash. Our table overturned on top of me. I remember hitting the back of my head.

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

[1] Bread and butter.

Britain's fighters in skirts tell a saga of "blood, toil, and sweat"

EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

get out of the train, cross the rails, and get into the subway.

In London we went to the Hippodrome to see Vic Oliver, Churchill's son-in-law. There was a raid going on overhead, but nobody worried. Once a bomb dropped quite near. "Boy!" said Vic, with that funny accent of his. "Just go and see if that one has my name on it." During the interval Max and I found a quiet corner in the bar. He squeezed my hand and got a bit red. "Look here, Joy. I wish you'd chuck this idea of being a woman soldier. It doesn't seem to give us a chance, somehow."

"But, Max! I'm doing my duty just as much as you are, and we're not being woman soldiers. We're just working to relieve men for other jobs."

"Joy, you're being selfish."

"I'm not."

He put his lips so near to my ear that I thrilled with the love shock of it. "Joy, let's get married! I can afford it now, on my officer's pay. I'd feel happier."

I heard myself saying shakily, "I'll marry you, Max, but I couldn't give up the A. T. S. It wouldn't be the right thing to do."

"But you can—Doris told me so."

Hang Doris! I just gritted my teeth and shook my head. I couldn't answer.

Max's dark face was all serious. "Sorry, dear. I know how you feel. You look grand in that rig-out and all that. But—well, if we were married you could go home and stay with my mother."

"I'd rather die," I gulped. "When we're married, we're going to have a home of our own, or we're both going to be doing the same job and looking forward to a home when all this is over."

After that I didn't feel like laughing at Vic Oliver any more.

We saw Max off at Waterloo and went to the Strand Corner House. We had to fight our way through the crowd. Kay suddenly darted forward, and the next minute she was back with a tall rangy-looking man in the uniform of a Canadian army officer. "Girls, this is little Bill Carstairs! Bill's from Vancouver, B. C. He's going to feed us."

At Bill's table were four more Canadian officers, all smiles and welcome, grand chaps. "There's only one thing for it—a spot of night life," suggested one of them. "You girls are free, I suppose?"

"We've got to make the midnight train, that's all," said Kay. "And we make it or we're ruined!"

We cabbed through the blackout to a hot spot—Larry's, the night club that hasn't stopped running since the last war. The place was packed with uniforms. Quite a few of our A. T. S. girls too. A waiter fitted a table into a breathing spot and left us to fit ourselves in as best we could. One of the Canadian boys took me on the floor. "You look good enough to be from back home," he said. Doris had hooked up with a tall gaunt fellow whose lingo I couldn't understand. She was making him pretty romantic. Kay was as happy as a kid. Major Carstairs had been a customer at her dog wagon, whatever that was.

WE were trying our best to knock the rhythm out of the conga when a screaming bomb came down pretty close outside. The impact made the whole place shake. The band stopped, some one giggled. Then the band struck up again and every one went on dancing.

"You don't mind?" asked Bunny, my partner, his eyes pretty hard.

I shook my head, and we went on. Then Bunny jibbed a tango, so we sat down.

Then it came. *Wumph!!!* A red patch of flame somewhere. A terrible crash, and then the most awful terrific blast. Our table overturned on top of me. I remember hitting the back of my head an awful crack and hearing an awful concentrated shriek. The air seemed full of muck splurting everywhere. Flying glass came tinkling down like hail gone mad. I was on the floor, one hand grabbing my gas mask. A minute later I found I'd put on my tin hat automatically.

"Keep still! Come in close toward me," a voice whispered. I was held tightly in a man's arms. It was Major Carstairs.

"They're stampeding! Keep still. Boys, grab your girls—get under the table—put your feet up against it."

The lights in our end of the room were still on, but all I could see were people's legs running. One of the boys pulled another table over and braced it with his legs pressed hard against it. We crouched under the lean-to as the people swept round us toward the exit. The room slowly filled with smoke like a thick yellow fog. It got in my throat and I nearly choked. A woman tripped and fell on top of me. Her body was hot and wet. I pushed her aside. She moaned, "Wally—they've killed Wally!" Then she must have fainted. Somewhere some one was shouting, "Keep still, every one! It's all right!"

"Keep still!" echoed a foreign voice. "Keep still—and we're being murdered! Let's get out!"

THERE was a short silence. A few moans came through that sickening acrid smell of dust and plaster. Suddenly there was a crackling—the place was burning.

"Let me out, let me out, for God's sake," a woman pleaded moaningly. "Let me out."

"We're buried! The door is blocked!" yelled some one.

Again that awful sound of milling and scuffling feet. The legs of our table cracked as the people pushed against it, and the top came slowly down on top of us. Major Carstairs grabbed me and pulled me to my feet. Doris was lying near by. The three Canadian officers picked her up. Kay was up, her elbows raised, her fists doubled under her chin as we are taught to do when there's danger of being crushed. The men linked their arms and made a circle around us. The crowd pushing toward the door nearly swept us back. Outside, the fire bells and the police whistles were going like blazes.

I heard Kay's voice with a snap of authority in it.

"Gosh, this has got to stop! They'll be killing some one soon—the nuts! Let me out, boys—no, lift me up."

She banged on her tin hat with her cigarette case. "Orchestra — any orchestra here?" she shouted.

"Sure, lady," chirped a cockney voice. "D'ya still want to dance?"

"No, but I want you to play!" cried Kay. "Come on, let's have Roll Out the Barrel!"

Somewhere in the room a saxophone, a clarinet, and a violin began to play. Where the piano had been was just a tangle of debris. The roof was hanging down through the ceiling. In the middle of the floor lay a dead woman. Her white dance frock made her look like a pocket handkerchief carelessly dropped, a pocket handkerchief with a bloodstain.

"Sing, every one, sing!" ordered Kay.

We started. The stamping of feet stopped as if by magic. Some one got on the drums, or what was left of them.

A gray-haired woman with a face like chalk ran into the middle of the room and waved her arms. No one took any notice. She ripped the violin from the hands of the fiddler and waved it. The band stopped.

"It's wicked!" she cried. "Wicked! Don't sing that song—sing a hymn! Sing God's tunes, not the devil's! God saved us!" She put the violin to her shoulder and scratched out Eternal Father, Strong to Save. The violinist took back his instrument. "You sing it, mother." The other players joined in.

The hymn tune swelled to the roof. Every one took it up, till it became a great anthem. Every one was still. "Guess I chose the wrong tune," said Kay. "This one sure is better."

We were still singing when the firemen and the A. R. P. men came crashing through the wall at the side. Ambulance men and doctors filed in with nurses and stretcher bearers and oxygen apparatus. They picked up the woman in the white frock and covered her with a blanket. As we stepped out into the moonlight the narrow street outside was lined with stretchers. The housetops of Regent Street were outlined sharply against the red glow of a huge fire somewhere. The windows were still shattering as the barrage ripped the skies. Overhead, a German bomber burst into flames.

"And now what?" asked Carstairs.

"We've got to get our train," said Kay. "That's what!"

The road to Paddington was barred. They told us to go to Royal Oak. Our train had gone. "Next one eight in the morning," said the porter.

"We gotta get back," said Kay. "Even if we have to walk."

"But surely the air raid's an excuse," said Carstairs.

"We don't need an excuse, brother," Kay answered. "It's just that there's a special duty, and we've promised. What's more, that was the condition of our leave. If we're late we're for it."

CARSTAIRS was a brick. He did things with the phone, and half an hour later we were having breakfast in a café on the Great West Road halfway to camp in a car he had scrounged. I had a bruise on the back of my head as big as an egg. The sentries looked a bit surprised when we drove up, but Carstairs told them who he was, flashed a paper at them, and we drove through. At six o'clock, when the bugles blew the reveille, we'd had an hour's sleep.

At two-o'clock parade, Auntie told us we were moving to new quarters in the town. "Have you seen the notice board?" she demanded. We trooped outside, and there it was. All three of us had been made subleaders —that meant two stripes, like an army corporal, and half a dollar a day.

"Subleader—and I couldn't lead a dog on a string!" lamented Doris. "They didn't really mean me. They meant you. Oh, dear! I suppose I shall have to stay now."

I sewed her stripes on for her. That evening we went for a walk—three corporals, canes under our arms, posh caps, and buttons shining like brass suns. "Now they can't give us fatigue," chortled Doris.

"Yep, and now you've got to behave yourself," laughed Kay.

We had our photos taken in a group, just to show off. I had one done alone for Max and mother. As we were leaving the photographer, a tall man with a Ronald Colman mustache hailed Doris: "I thought you were away! How nice to see you again!"

Doris beetrooted a bit. "Oh, girls, meet my friend Major Dudley." This was one she hadn't told us about. He looked dynamite for all the Dorises in the world. He just how-do'd us and turned his charm on her, all goof and no gump, in about thirty seconds.

"I was hoping you'd come to a movie with me, Doris." He cold-eyed us. "If your friends can spare you."

"We can!" said Kay. "Come on, Joy."

The moment we were alone, she said, "Doris certainly does pick 'em. I wouldn't trust that fellow in my stable when the horse was out."

"But, Kay, he's a British officer," I protested. "He's all right—he's bound to be."

"Can't help it. I don't like him. By the way, what regiment was he in? Those green tabs are new to me."

"Intelligence Department, I believe. Anyhow, Doris can look after herself."

Kay reminded me of this next morning when Doris hadn't shown up. We went to see Auntie about it. "The little idiot," she said. "And just when she's got promotion! I'll wink my eye for a day and give her a talking-to when she gets back."

Two days later Doris was posted as missing on the board.

WE were moved into town. Kay, a girl named Lawrence, Auntie, and I shared a two-room apartment. The A. T. S. police department called to get particulars about Doris. They had been to her home, to our flat in town, and had searched everywhere. She had clean gone. I put them wise to Major Dudley, but they drew a blank.

That afternoon we had our final examination for our red lanyards. "I flopped," said Kay. "Couldn't do those darned maths. And to think I used to want to be a schoolmarm!"

We spent the night in the air-raid shelter with a horde of dirty children crawling over us. The father of the family snored. The mother kept sniveling. Poor souls, they had been blown out of their homes in the East End.

"They shouldn't have brought them here," commented Lawrence in that soft Devonshire accent of hers. "This is a dangerous area. Jerry's coming over pretty frequently. They say there are spies here."

"Ssh!" Kay warned. "Can't you read?" Across the room on the wall was one of those notices that warn you to keep your mouth shut.

"You're right," whispered Lawrence. "But I'm sure these bombing raids are a bit queer. They've only started since they had the artillery school here—and how the blazes did Jerry know that?"

The next morning Kay got the bad news she expected. She had failed the exam. I felt ashamed to wear that lovely red lanyard I had wanted so badly. "Shucks, kid," said Kay. "I'm not sore." But she looked unhappy.

We were downtown that afternoon when she pulled up suddenly. "Joy, I'm going to find this Major Dudley that Doris went to the flicks with.

IMPOSSIBLE ICHABOD

"Please, darling, you can practice again tomorrow!"

He must know what happened to her."

At Intelligence Headquarters we finally got to a person who mattered. He did a lot of button-pressing and phoning. Then he said, "No, we haven't a Major Dudley here—you're probably mistaken. But if you do meet him again, and he says he's in the Intelligence, let us know!"

Auntie invited us to have a drink at the Stag. We fought our way to the public bar and ordered milds-and-bitters. Kay dug me in the ribs suddenly. "Look! There's your Major Dudley! Cripes, is he with Doris? That's a blonde all right." I craned my neck. It wasn't Doris; it was an officer in the W. A. A. F., as snappy as they make 'em.

"Joy, I'm going. See you later," whispered Kay. "Don't tell Auntie. Tell her I have a date. I'm going to get the dirt on that fellow."

When she didn't come back that night, I got worried. I reported it to the senior commander, and she took me down to the man in the Intelligence Department who had interviewed Kay and me. "You're sure it was the same man?" the officer insisted. "You're sure? Then why didn't you come and see me immediately?"

"I thought my friend was doing that," I said.

"Well, keep your eyes open in the future. This man seems a bit of a menace. He may be some one we're looking for, or he may not be." He laughed. "Anyhow, we can't have him breaking all the pretty girls' hearts, can we?"

I hardly slept that night. Kay wouldn't lose her head over a man. Doris might, but I was sure she hadn't. Doris had learned her lesson.

When the usual air-raid alarm went, about 10 P. M., Auntie, Lawrence, and I went down to the shelter. I had a letter from Max that I hadn't read. He was sorry and all that about what he'd said, and would I marry him on his next leave? "And, by the way, it's none of my business, but I didn't like that major bloke Doris was with—curious kind of guy; hope she's not smitten with him."

Auntie told me I was posted to the east coast. I wasn't thrilled. "They'll give you three stripes, my dear," she said. "They always do. You've caught me up."

I WANTED to cry. What was the use of going places? Promotion didn't mean anything without Doris and Kay. We had promised to stick together. "Can't you keep me here?" I begged Auntie. "I'll do anything."

She looked at me very solemnly. "It isn't what you want to do. It's what they want you to do, dearie. It's duty. You've got to go. If your pals don't turn up, you mustn't worry. That's the kind of thing that happens in war. I know you love them—they're fine girls—but you've got to carry on. So keep your chin up!"

That night we were downtown when I spotted the W. A. A. F. officer. I skipped across the road and saluted. "Excuse me, ma'am, but you know Major Dudley, I believe?"

It dawned on me then that she was in A. T. S. uniform. She had been a W. A. A. F. when I had seen her in the pub. It was the same girl, though. There was a brown mole on the left side of her face that I would recognize anywhere. There couldn't be two girls like that.

She shook her head, her face like a bit of wood. "No, corporal, I don't. I'm afraid you've made a mistake. I know no one of that name."

I saluted and went back to Auntie. "Let's follow her," she said, "and see where she goes. No, we'll do more than that. We'll tell the military police. By golly, she's getting a cab—the baggage!"

The A. T. S. company assistant hailed a taxi.

We took the number and hurried to the provost marshal's office.

Will Kay find that phony major? Supposing he's a really dangerous spy, what is to happen if she does? For that matter, what's to happen if flame bombs menace the "petrol" in our three war girls' truck? Or—more happily—if the girls are lined up for an inspection by Queen Mother Mary? Read Joy next week!

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Nice Work— and She got it

Competition is the life of romance! A blithe love story of a finesse in hearts

IT was unbelievably rich, yet light-hearted, this bright sunshine in Manhattan. There was a lavish spill of gold on the good plain rug and a smaller but particularly spirited shield of brilliance thrown against the richness of the damask sofa.

Young Mrs. Howard Reynolds loved her sofa. It was both costly and beautiful—in short, perfect for the long wall of the three-room Fifty-seventh Street apartment where she and Howard had lived for the two and a half years of their marriage. But today Priscilla stood looking at the sofa in troubled indecision. No, her mother couldn't sleep on it comfortably all the time.

"Put it in storage and get a day bed for Lucille," Howard had suggested amiably last evening.

Howard did not call Priscilla's mother by her first name to be funny. He thought she was the kind of woman who should be called Lucille. She was not only attractive and very pleasant to have around, but she admired him—not with heavy sweetness but with a nice light touch. And, in gratitude for what he considered the perfect mother-in-law, Howard called her Lucille, teased her about her hats, but was invariably complimentary about her bridge game. And if Howard hadn't gotten along so well with Lucille, Priscilla would never have thought of having her mother live with them.

There was nothing else to do, Priscilla thought a little sadly. The apartment had no extra bedroom. She would have to part with the sofa Uncle Walter had given her for a wedding present. Now, it was one of those coincidences that women are apt to regard as strange and special that the house telephone rang just then and the doorman announced Mr. Walter Graham.

"Ask him to come up," said Priscilla. Dear Uncle Walter! The sofa had cost him four hundred dollars. Not that he had minded that. Uncle Walter didn't mind things like that even after 1929.

Literally, he wasn't Priscilla's Uncle Walter. He wasn't anybody's Uncle Walter. But he was the kind of unattached man who wears the title gracefully and shows no evidence of ever losing it. Many women must have despaired of him. Good-natured, slightly bald, generous—as a child Priscilla had associated him with Santa Claus. Uncle Walter always came to see her parents at holiday time and he had brought beautiful packages. She waited for him now with a smile of welcome.

"Hello, dear." Uncle Walter kissed her cheek. He was carrying a long box of flowers which he put down with relief. "Warm day—very warm for this time of year." He sank gratefully down on the sofa. "You look wonderful, Priscilla—have a good summer?"

Priscilla told Uncle Walter about the summer. Then she dutifully asked Uncle Walter about his summer. He had visited his sisters in the old family home.

"Ate too much all the time I was away," he told her. "You know—sweet corn and biscuits and fresh berry pie."

Priscilla could see that he had gained weight; and he was a shade too pink and out of breath.

"How is your mother?" Uncle Walter asked. "I called her apartment as soon as I got in last evening and again this morning, but there wasn't any answer."

"Oh, mother is visiting Mrs. Newell up at Saratoga," Priscilla told him. "They've had quite a lot of people visiting them. Their bridge crowd mostly." She tried not to sound too harsh about it. Only, with so many worth-while things women could do—

Mr. Graham was more lenient about diversion. "I dare say your mother has enjoyed it. Pleasant place, Saratoga. When do you expect her home?"

"On Monday," said Priscilla. And then she understood the coincidence of Uncle Walter's visit at the very moment the sofa was imperiled. She let a great idea take shape, substance—Uncle Walter was the perfect answer to the whole problem. "I'm expecting mother for dinner Monday evening. Won't you come too? I know she would be delighted."

"Well, now, Priscilla—won't I be

"I can't bear to think of mother in that dark little room! I want her here—"

intruding on your family reunion?" She saw that he liked the idea.

"You intruding—why, Uncle Walter, we'll love having you!"

"That's very nice of you, dear. I shall be happy to come. And now I must be running along."

Mr. Graham wasn't quite up to his word on running along. He stood up carefully, heavily. Unquestionably he had been an easy victim for home cooking this summer. With an entire lack of conscience, Priscilla was already running up a dinner in her mind. One that put Uncle Walter into a mellow domestic mood—a marrying mood. The best solution to the sofa problem would be for Lucille and Uncle Walter to marry.

Her plan would be nice for Lucille, too. Lucille really loved luxury. An armful of sables for a crisp autumn day. A couple of beautiful extra rings. Yes, her mother was attractive enough to set those things off. And Uncle Walter could give them to her. Priscilla wondered why she hadn't thought of this before.

"Did you know that mother is coming to live with us?" she said.

Uncle Walter paused, hat in hand. "Why, no—you don't say, Priscilla. When is she coming?"

"Her lease is up on the first of October. I've always felt that mother shouldn't live alone—it's so lonely for her."

Priscilla knew that Lucille did not languish in loneliness. Lucille had more girl friends than Priscilla had. Lucille was always going for luncheon or dinner or a movie with one or another of them, and when they were not together they telephoned by the hour.

"I expect it is hard for her," Uncle Walter was saying. Then he patted Priscilla's shoulder. "But don't you worry, my dear. We'll see that she isn't lonely any more." He went away with what Priscilla decided was a definite look on his face.

It was enough of a look so that she felt quite cheerful during the next few days. Even if the sofa had to be stored, it might not be for a long time.

Priscilla wrote inviting her mother to dinner on the evening of her return from Saratoga. "Uncle Walter is coming too. He seemed rather lonely the day he stopped in here, so I invited him. He's such a dear, isn't he?" She thought this last a subtle touch for her mother to ponder over before Monday.

By nature an orderly and efficient housekeeper, Priscilla had everything in smooth working order by five o'clock on Monday afternoon. The apartment had been cleaned, the cushions plumped. Then the elevator man brought up a telegram. It said:

DRIVING DOWN. DON'T WAIT DINNER. LOVE MOTHER.

"Well, I don't see that's so tragic," said Howard. From his wife's face when he arrived home at six thirty, he had imagined some desperate situation had arisen. "As a matter of fact, I think it's very thoughtful of Lucille. She knows that nothing ruins roast beef like waiting."

"She doesn't even know we are having roast beef." Priscilla was exasperated. "But she did know Uncle Walter is coming, and the least she could do would be to stick to the train and get here on time."

"I don't see that it's so terribly important whether Lucille gets here for dinner or not," said Howard.

Priscilla saw then that her plans for Lucille were not apparent to Howard. On the whole, that was just as well. If Howard didn't, surely no one else would suspect her intentions. Naturally, she didn't want Lucille to be self-conscious, and besides that, Lucille wouldn't be a party to any scheme of this kind.

Priscilla began to feel better—even satisfied. The more she thought about it, the more resigned she became to Lucille's delayed arrival. Like a master of ceremonies, she began to build it up. Let Uncle Walter be waiting . . . suspense was never wasted in romantic affairs. She was sure of that a couple of hours later, after Uncle Walter had looked several times at his watch. "Do you know what time your mother left Saratoga?" he asked.

Priscilla had no time to go into

By

ARA WALLACE OVERTON

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

that, for the doorbell was ringing now. Piercingly. Emphatically. Howard went to the door, and as he opened it Priscilla had a glimpse of a tall, well set up man. Then she heard her mother's gay nice voice, and immediately her mother and the man were in the living room.

The place fairly vibrated with their arrival. "Priscilla dear—" A light kiss on the cheek. "This is Mr. Hibbard, darling—and Walter—what a delightful surprise! How nice to see you! . . . Ted, I want you to meet a very dear friend—"

Priscilla acknowledged her introduction to Mr. Hibbard politely if a little formally, watched him as he shook hands with Uncle Walter and Howard. He had a look of perfect health and well-being about him, a look that was made up of golf and sunshine and an amused attitude.

"Oh, no, Howard," Lucille was saying. "We're really not hungry. We stopped for dinner on the way down."

But Mr. Hibbard would have a drink. That was Howard being cordial, making a pal out of Ted Hibbard—encouraging her mother in what was obviously a silly sudden summer friendship with a man who was just enough younger so that Lucille's best friends would say charitably, "Of course a few years' difference in age doesn't matter—really."

Priscilla felt righteously but uncomfortably outside the pleasant flow of talk that was going on just as if Lucille was not at this very moment throwing away a wonderful future for a day bed and half of Priscilla's clothes closet. Uncle Walter was sitting back before Ted Hibbard, who talked about Saratoga as if he had thought the place up mostly to amuse Lucille. There was the flattering hint that Lucille had done rather well at bridge.

"The cards ran my way, if not the horses," Lucille said, and turned the talk away from herself. "You seem to have had a good summer, Walter. Haven't you gained weight, though?"

"Yes," said Uncle Walter gloomily.

"Of course, as long as you feel well—" said Lucille. She really had to leave, she said, rising. There was all the unpacking— But it had been so lovely to see them all. She kissed Priscilla sweetly on the other cheek, told Howard he looked marvelously well. And after Hibbard had said the right things he and Lucille made a charming exit together.

LUCILLE didn't seem saddened by her blighted future as she dismantled her pleasant apartment. Priscilla helped, cherishing little familiar treasures Lucille gave her. "Here, darling; take the silver inkwell home for Howard's desk."

"Can't you use it at the hotel?" Priscilla protested.

"It's too large. Besides, I won't want to be cleaning silver."

Priscilla said suddenly, "Won't you reconsider and come to live with us, mother? Howard thinks you should."

"Howard is a darling," said Lucille. "Did I tell you how much Ted Hibbard liked him? By the way, would you two like to play bridge with Ted some evening?"

"We were going to ask you to play some evening with Uncle Walter."

"I shall be glad to," Lucille answered. "But give me notice. Now that I'm going to live in a hotel, I'll probably have dinner more often with the girls."

AND be seeing a lot of Ted Hibbard, too, decided Priscilla as she walked home. She had failed to keep Lucille from going to the hotel. Just how Lucille would be able to afford it, Priscilla didn't know. Lucille had a small annuity, but there couldn't be much else left and she would have to cut expenses drastically. Priscilla felt that any reasonable Providence could see that Lucille either had to inherit money or marry it. An inheritance could be ruled out, and it looked as if Lucille herself had ruled out her one possible chance to marry money. You couldn't exactly reproach Providence if Lucille preferred men like Ted Hibbard to Uncle Walter. Priscilla set the lovely old inkwell on Howard's desk.

"Mother sent this to you. She can't use it at the hotel."

"What kind of a place is she getting?" inquired Howard. "I thought she was coming to live with us."

"Just a room and a kitchenette."

"If she isn't happy there we can always get that day bed," he said.

"I understand how she feels," Priscilla told him. "Mother *would* prefer a place of her own. And of course we'll see a lot of her."

But, oddly, they didn't. The hotel wasn't far away, but Lucille seldom ran in to see Priscilla, and Priscilla usually found Lucille out when she telephoned. So, it seemed, did Uncle Walter. He telephoned Priscilla one noon to say he hadn't been able to reach Lucille any of the times he had called. "I wanted to say good-by."

Priscilla felt something drop in her chest. It was the faint remainder of a hope that all might still be well. "Are you going to be away long?" she asked.

"A month or so. I can't say, Priscilla. I have things to do that I should have done before."

Priscilla knew Uncle Walter had interests in various places. "I suppose you'll be traveling around—sort of on the road." She tried to be sprightly.

"Yes, I guess I'll be on the road," he agreed.

Priscilla didn't know exactly what they were talking about, but the happy assurance so characteristic of Uncle Walter was not in his voice. He sounded like a man intent on serious business.

Later in the day Priscilla stopped at her mother's hotel. No one answered the telephone from Lucille's room. "Would you mind seeing if mother has a message in her box to call me as soon as she comes in?" she asked the desk clerk. Without comment he spilled some notes on the desk. There were two from Uncle Walter; one from Dottie Newell, who had evidently returned from Saratoga; there was her own message, and another one that made Priscilla frown. It said that Mr. Hibbard would call again at seven o'clock this evening. The time of these calls showed that her mother had gone out before ten o'clock this morning and hadn't returned since.

"Dottie and I were just doing the stores today," Lucille reported airily. She called Priscilla rather late that evening.

"I've tried to get you a half dozen times today," Priscilla told her a little crossly. "And Uncle Walter was trying to get you. He wanted to say good-by."

"Oh, I hate saying good-by to any one. Where is he going?"

"I haven't the slightest. I thought you might know."

BUT Lucille said she didn't. She hadn't seen Uncle Walter since the evening she and Ted Hibbard had driven down from Saratoga. She was, of course, terribly sorry to have missed him. If it wasn't one thing it was another that kept her on the go. What with a little bridge, and looking for a smart wool dress, and taking her pearls to be restrung, she admitted to being out most of the time. And besides there was the zoo—she had only now discovered what a darling place that was. She told Priscilla about the giraffes, the elephants, and the seals. And when she came for Sunday breakfast she talked with glibness about the swan boats and the animals. Leo, the giraffe, was apparently her pet.

"I never knew you cared for giraffes, mother."

"I spend so much time at the zoo I ought to pay rent," Lucille said.

So one afternoon during that week Priscilla, not finding her mother at the hotel, walked over to Central Park Zoo. Leo was outside in his yard, but no Lucille was near by. Farther along were a few melancholy adults feeding the pigeons. Lucille was not among those feeding the birds. Priscilla went the rounds to the bears, to the big cats, to the seal pool, and after a while back to check with Leo. The keeper was patiently reminding Leo that it was his bedtime, and Leo finally accepted the verdict. But Lucille was not there for Leo's good night.

Lucille telephoned Priscilla after dinner that evening. "Are you feeling well, mother?" Priscilla asked.

"Oh, quite well, dear. I'm a little foot-weary—I had a long walk."

"I suppose you went to the zoo?" inquired Priscilla.

"I was there practically all afternoon."

"Did you say good night to Leo?"

"Certainly," Lucille assured her. "He expects me."

Priscilla had never known Lucille to tell a downright and unnecessary lie about a giraffe before this.

"Want to go shopping tomorrow afternoon, mother?"

"I'm sorry, darling, but I'm playing bridge at Dottie Newell's. I'm tied up in the morning, too," she went on quickly. "I don't like the rinse on my hair and I'm going to a new place."

The next afternoon Priscilla met Dottie Newell on the main floor of a Fifth Avenue shop. Mrs. Newell was cordial.

"Why, Priscilla dear, how are you —and how is your mother? I haven't

"I just want you to know young man, that in spite of the official scorer, I gave you an error on that grounder!"

seen her in an age. What in the world does she do with herself?"

Priscilla knew the answer to that a week later.

In the comparative spaciousness of her own apartment Priscilla stood in front of the red damask sofa. It was lovely, but it did nothing to ease the strange fullness that was in her throat. All at once she knew something that she had never known before. People were more important than things. It swept over her with deep shame that she had once measured Lucille against this sofa. Howard found her crying on the best gold pillow. "I can't bear to think of mother in that dark little room! I want her here—where there's some sun and—"

"Why didn't you bring her home tonight?" Howard demanded.

"She wouldn't come. She said she was going to find another job."

"Another job? What do you mean another job—was Lucille working?"

"Yes. She worked for five weeks at a circulating library, and she says she must have been pretty good to last that long."

"Why didn't she tell us she was working?"

"Well, she was sort of temporary and she was going to tell us as soon as she was permanent. She wanted to surprise us. The fountain pen didn't have anything to do with her not being kept on permanently."

"What fountain pen?" asked Howard, with the resignation of a man who realizes that he has come in in the middle of the story.

Priscilla told him of Lucille's having sold a twenty-dollar fountain pen for two dollars. That was a mistake any one could make. Besides, Lucille had made up the difference from her salary; so that was all right. The only thing that Lucille regretted was that she had so enjoyed being busy and she didn't mind moving to this cheaper room at all . . . not at all. It was so much more homelike in a little room.

When he had all the details at hand, he put on his hat.

"I will handle Lucille," he said. "This foolishness has gone far enough." He sounded sternly resolved about it—even a little severe, as men sometimes do in order to hide their soft hearts.

HE walked with long rescuing strides toward Lucille's hotel. And beside him Priscilla's heels tapped out a fast tempo, keeping up. They were going to bring Lucille right home for dinner—when they found her. For Lucille didn't answer her telephone. Obviously this time she was not out with Ted Hibbard, because he was just leaving a message at the desk for her as Howard and Priscilla came along.

"Hello there," he said cheerfully.

"We're looking for Lucille," Howard told him.

"So am I. Shall we make it a posse? We might start in at the bar."

"No, thank you," said Priscilla. "We have to go home for dinner."

"That spoils many promising evenings," Ted Hibbard told her, with a smile. "But if you find Lucille, give her my love, won't you?" He bowed and walked toward the door.

"Let's go out this other way," said Priscilla. She indicated a short corridor to a side entrance. They walked noiselessly along the heavy runner between rows of potted palms. At the end of a row, Lucille was sitting on a sofa with a man who was frankly holding her hand.

"Priscilla dear," he said, "we were just about to telephone you."

"But, Uncle Walter—I hardly knew you. I mean, you're so thin—you look wonderful!"

"I should," said Uncle Walter. "I have taken off nineteen pounds. Remember that road work I told you I was going to do?"

"Oh, it was that kind of road work—but you did it awfully quickly, didn't you?"

"I had to do something," he said. "I was up against strong competition."

"Competition?"

"Yes," said Uncle Walter. "I wasn't going to let any youngster come along and take my girl without a fight."

Suddenly Priscilla sat down beside her mother. "Why—darling," said Lucille. She offered her child a scented handkerchief. "I thought you would be happy about it."

"Oh, I'm terribly happy! I really am," said Priscilla.

Lucille put her arms around Priscilla and kissed her, and Priscilla dried her eyes. Uncle Walter said to Howard, "The poor child—it's a shock. I suppose she never thought of such a thing."

PRISCILLA got over her shock and behaved beautifully about her mother's marriage. Without her help Lucille might not have made the big South American boat on time. It was Priscilla who saw that Lucille had the little sable coat, the silver-fox cape, and her new jewel case with her.

"Well, that's over," said Howard, and went to his office.

Priscilla went home.

Yes, it was over. There was a Providence, after all, for women like Lucille. The ringing of the telephone shut the thought off. "Hello," she said impersonally. Then her voice changed, took on satisfaction, even triumph. "No, Mr. Hibbard. Mother is not here. She was married to Mr. Walter Graham this morning and has just sailed for South America." That should settle him once and for all. She was totally unprepared for the honest pleasure in his response.

"Nice work," he said. "So Lucille put it over."

"What did you say?"

"I said it was nice work—and she got it."

"I don't know what you mean," Priscilla said coldly.

"Well, Lucille will. Give her my love when you write."

Priscilla hung up. What did the man mean—put it over? Priscilla tried to fit things together. Had Lucille and Ted Hibbard dressed up some competition to bestir Uncle Walter to action? She dismissed the thought as soon as it formed. Lucille wouldn't do such a thing!

Priscilla allowed herself a moment of satisfaction on her sofa. It was perfect there on the long wall, its rich color warming the room. There was a sort of shield of sunlight now against the back. Then Priscilla had a most curious optical illusion. The shield of sunlight was obscured briefly, as an eyelid drops over an eye. Then, as if the eyelid had raised, the shield of sunlight glowed again —as innocently as if it had not just winked at her.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

I SERVED four years in the U. S. Navy and was honorably discharged on October 18, 1940. I registered immediately, as required by law, and drew No. 33 in the National Lottery. My local draft board informed me that I was not exempt because of my Navy service . . . so I volunteered. Now, in case of actual war, where should I be: in the Navy with four years' experience, or the Army with one? The logical answer seems clear to me. Don't get me wrong. If a year here in the Army will help my country, I'm all for it. But if I belong in the Navy, then my twenty-one dollars per should go to an *un*trained man. Why are not ex-sailors, marines, and coast-guardmen given deferred classification like ex-Army men with similar hitches behind them? I understand that there is a bill in Congress to effect this, but why wasn't it included in the original Selective Service Act?

Pvt. K. H. T.,
Camp Bowie, Tex.

Let me answer you and all the others who have asked the same question. (What I say is my own opinion and has no official sanction whatsoever.) I think that the omission from the Selective Service Act was intentional. I think so for the same reason that I'm willing to bet none of the bills before Congress to amend the act in that regard will ever see the light of debate, much less become law. Why? Because the Navy needs *experienced* men to man the ships and train the recruits. Where can they get them other than from among the men who have Navy enlistments behind them and have been honorably discharged? The Navy *wants* them to re-enlist (thus receiving automatic exemption from Army service), and many ex-Navy men would rather do another hitch, with re-enlistment pay and chances for a rating all the way up to C. P. O., than to do a year in the Army at twenty-one to thirty dollars a month. That's the way *I* figure it, and if events prove me wrong I'll cheerfully admit it.

Why does the federal government tolerate unjustified strikes in defense industries and plants? What is the use of training us unless we have equipment to work with? I say they'd better use us now to stop those strikes until we have been assured of planes, guns, tanks, and ships; then bring us back to our Army work.

What would happen if *we* should strike for more pay? That's unthinkable; but haven't we as much right to do so as the men working on essential defense orders? If you were here you'd hear the same opinion on all sides. "Let's go, America" . . . and that should mean *all* Americans.

Pvt. D. C.,
Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

This is just one of dozens of letters I've had of the same tenor. And I'd hate to have to argue against you. In Europe it's called a "total war," and I, for one, can't see why there shouldn't be a "total defense" in the U. S. A.

Can you tell me whether, where, and when the C. M. T. camps will be held this summer?

S. R., Morrilton, Ark.

Some months ago the War Department announced that such camps will *not* be operated this summer or until further notice. Reasons are obvious.

I am a recruit at this field and I'd like to know just why we were treated the way we were when we drew our clothing. Some recruits in each squadron drew "choker" blouses like those worn in the last war, others got breeches and leggings and soft-finished trousers. We're ashamed to wear the odd outfits and have to borrow clothing to go to town, and we're pretty disgusted.

Pvt. G. T. S.
Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.

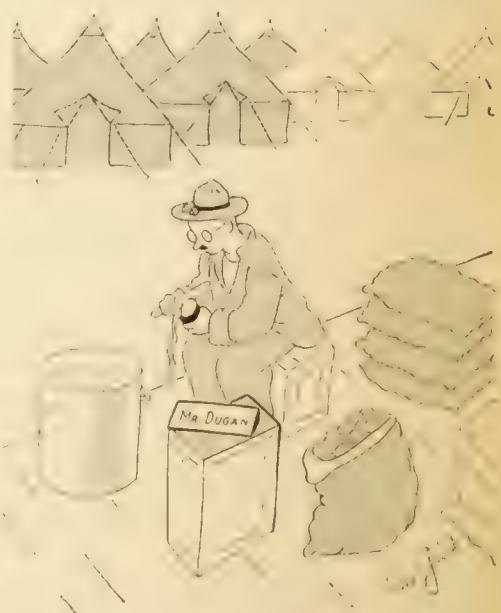
In response to similar complaints which I've printed in past issues, Colonel Robert M. Littlejohn, Chief of the Clothing and Equipage Branch of the Q. M. C., has kindly written me as follows: "Prior to September 15, 1940, stocks of new clothing were ample to provide for the small peacetime army. It takes about nine months to convert dollars into substantial quantities of clothing. At the present time, production of clothing is very heavy, stocks on hand and monthly deliveries of new clothing are ample to meet requirements. The funds available for the procurement of clothing over a period of years have been inadequate to set up war stocks of new-style clothing. This has necessitated the use of several hundred thousand obsolete World War "I" type garments during the current mobilization. Instructions were issued to the field on March 3, 1941, to replace all obsolete type coats. As many of the troops will shortly wear khaki, the obsolete type of overcoats will not require replacement until next fall."

FINISHED BUSINESS: *Re* **letters in April 12 and 26 Liberty concerning railroad rates for the armed forces, the Association of American Railroads has established a fare of 1¼ cents a mile for round-trip travel in coaches between all points in the United States, effective May 1, and available to any member of the uniformed personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard on furlough.**

For a change, Sarge, this isn't a kick. It seems to me that we are no longer "forgotten men" and that everything possible is being done to make our life pleasant. Here we have been having entertainment of various sorts quite frequently. Henry Busse and his band gave us a show recently, and I think he should know how very much we enjoyed it and how grateful we are to him and others like him who are giving their time to men in the service.

G. K. L., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Glad to pass on the word to Mr. Busse and all the others who are helping to provide entertainment for the boys.



Thanks to the many friends who called attention to a slip of my typewriter in April 12 Liberty. A man classified as "training completed" would be placed in Class 4-A, not 3-A, as stated.

Here's how

SAM SNEAD PLAYS A BRASSIE

Sam Snead one of the country's most successful golf professionals

1. He places his feet so that the left heel is on a line with the ball; heels are about a shoulder width apart, toes turned slightly outward. **2.** Club (held in overlapping grip) travels back; his weight moving to right leg, hips turning, left heel rising. **3.** At top of backswing—his weight is on the right heel, left arm straight, and left shoulder under chin.

4. In the downswing, his left heel sets firmly on the ground, his hands leading the club from the inside. **5.** Left side turns to clear path for hitting effort of arms and hands. **6.** Impact! Left foot is firmly set; left arm is straight, right arm applies the power. **7.** Clubhead follows through on intended line of flight, his left arm keeping the clubhead in its proper groove. **8.** Head remains fixed, eyes looking over right shoulder. **9.** His head has now come up, and his body has made a full turn.

Sam Snead Advises: Always aim your shots by lining up the club face *square* to the imaginary line of flight. Be sure your follow through is full and free. And—for a really helpful check-up on your game, play an occasional round with your pro.

AND Here's how

TO SWING OVER TO SMOOTHER DRINKS

1. Ask for Seagram's 5 Crown—it's *light* yet *full-bodied*. Because—
2. It's *master-blended* to achieve mellow flavor and rare smoothness.
3. Over 150 million bottles (all sizes) sold since 1934—a great favorite!
4. *Not expensive*...although it carries the Greatest Name in Whiskey!
5. Reasonably priced by the drink or by the bottle. *Enjoy it today!*

Seagram's 5 Crown

BIGGEST-SELLING BRAND of the *Greatest Name in Whiskey!*

Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

Blended Whiskey. 90 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1941, Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York.

Sweet Words at parting

A brisk and penetrating survey of some hazards of Hollywood marriage

Ann Harding, the heroine of the famous "love" divorce

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

REMEMBER Little Mary? Don't be embarrassed if you don't. Movies move. So does time. Especially cinematographically.

I am beginning to meet people who seem never to have heard of Shirley Temple. Forgetful theatergoers are already referring to the urchin who appeared in a certain Mark Twain opus as Mickey Finn. And Deanna Durbin, my dream child, is by the way of getting herself married.

But Little Mary was different. At least, we of the Hollywood old guard like to think so, because Little Mary grew up to be Mary Pickford, Queen of Cinemaland.

But when the time came, as it sometimes does in our little gay home in the West, for the current queen to divorce her king, Little Mary did an unforgivable thing: she told the truth. And, worse, she told it without the aid of syndicated columnists, palpitating press agents, or footprints in cement.

This is how it was: Some one sidled up to Mary one summer's day and asked a couple of leading questions, and Mary, who is one of the most straightforward persons I know, replied:

"Yes, it is true. Pickfair is for sale, and a separation is contemplated between Douglas and me."

And forthwith, a hullabaloo went echoing through the encircling hills. If the then Queen Mary of England had called in the representatives of the Times and the Pink 'Un to announce that Buckingham Palace was on the market, and that she and *her* king were on the way to Reno, she couldn't have caused more excitement in purplest Mayfair than our Mary caused in the golden town of make-believe.

To be sure, King Doug and Queen Mary had come to be accepted as the official guardians of the colony's sacred honor, and Pickfair had become its depository, a veritable Fort Knox. There were reasons, therefore, why Hollywood should resent

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

the abdication of its king and queen and the probable sacking of the royal palace. But not even their kingdom's legitimate irritation could explain the clamor which thundered down the boulevards when we realized that our Mary had "done us dirt"—not by getting a divorce, but by getting one without the aid of press agentry.

What Mary should have done, according to the best Hollywood traditions, was to have called in the two hundred and forty-odd—and some of them very odd—fan writers and gossip columnists covering the cinema front for a press conference, and in a few thousand well chosen words repeated that famous pre-Roosevelt Presidential wisecrack, "I have nothing to say."

Then she should have had Mark Larkin, her Steve Early, stationed at the door to hand out 17,862 flimsies "for immediate release" telling of the unshatterable wedded bliss of America's Sweetheart, *et cetera, et cetera, in extenso, ad nauseam.* And finally, after about six months of this sort of shadow-boxing with bunk, she and her husband and a couple of downtown Los Angeles divorce lawyers should have gotten together on an antiphonal dirge of protestations and regrets, ending with the usual:

"Which leaves Myrna"—I mean Mary or Lana or Hedy or Alice or Dolores or Joan—"the most marvelous girl in the world."

There have been plenty of cases, ever since the beginning of Hollywood time, when otherwise sensible and pleasant people have said, or been made to say, the darnedest things about their impending divorces.

For example, no one ever seriously believed that the late Jean Harlow thought up by herself that silly-symphony line about getting a divorce from Harold Rosson because he insisted on reading in bed!

Sometimes the honeyed or barbed words of the press agent are made to look silly almost before the ink has dried on the wood pulp.

Take the case of Artie Shaw and Lana Turner. You may recall that their marriage served as a sort of prelude to the maestro's initial appearance on the Hollywood air. But the notes went sour on Artie and his press department when—according to the dispatches—on the very day he was to start tooting his horn, it was rumored that Lana had signed off for good. Something had to be done; and that quickly.

"There's nothing to it," stalled Artie. "We were out together last night and we are still living together."

Meanwhile—still according to the dispatches—Artie's press agent was busy rounding up Miss Turner, who agreed to show up at the studio for one last publicity snuggle with husband Artie.

Everything went off as scheduled. Lana had never snuggled more ef-

Whether you need gasoline or not...

You're Welcome!

NOTHING is more welcome to experienced motorists than a Texaco Registered *Rest Room Sign—for, they have learned to trust that sign . . . learned that it means a spic-and-span rest room . . . a pleasant place in which to freshen-up!*

☆ ☆ ☆

We Texaco Dealers are proud of the trust placed in us. That is why—in all 48 States—we keep our *Registered* Rest Rooms clean and completely equipped with running water, soap, towels, mirror for your convenience.

Every *Registered* Rest Room is backed by a Texaco Dealer's signed pledge. The famous "White Patrol" inspection cars help us keep this pledge of cleanliness. When you stop at a Texaco Dealer's, don't forget that you can get those two famous gasolines—fast-firing FIRE-CHIEF, preferred by most tourists—or *SKY CHIEF*, the luxury fuel for those who want the best.

You get *Insulated* Havoline Motor Oil, the quality oil that is 100% distilled, or *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil, the long-distance oil at 25c. Drive in where you see the Texaco Star . . . you're always welcome.

TUNE IN FRED ALLEN in a full-hour program every Wed. Night, C.B.S., 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 9:00 M.T., 8:00 P.T.

TEXACO DEALERS

TEXACO

fectively. Artie had never beamed more beatifically. Then, just as the flash bulbs flared, a reporter spoiled it all by asking Lana:

"Do you still love him?"

"No!" she snapped. "I have left him for good."

I suspect that in the future—at such times as he may be marrying or divorcing temperamental young movie stars—Mr. Shaw's instructions to his publicity staff will emulate the example of that eminent but not too musically educated Hollywood producer who recently memorandumed his studio musicians as follows:

"From now on, cut out all minor chords."

I IMAGINE Ann Harding would give plenty to have thought of that line before permitting the statements to go out which heralded her "love" divorce from Harry Bannister. Both of these sterling actors are little more than memories to many current movie fans, and I have a hunch that the nonsense which they were made to spout at the time of their marital break-up had much to do with their disappearance from the celluloid scene.

There was every good reason, according to Hollywood lights, for the Bannisters to separate. Ann and Harry had come out from New York with Broadway records of not dissimilar magnitude. Ann clicked. Harry didn't. The situation became unbearable. So they got themselves their famous "love" divorce.

Before their parting, Ann was quoted as saying, "We are still sweethearts." After it, she was said to have said, "We parted, the best of friends. Nothing can interfere with that friendship now." Two years later, the press carried a blast from Ann against Harry.

Harry, too, had not been idle—that is, if we can believe the scribes:

"During the five and a half years I have been married to Ann Harding"—this was the early version—"I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife." Later he was quoted as saying:

"I would like to say some very complimentary things about the mother of my child—but I can't."

Here, ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience, was a tragedy. Two nice people just couldn't make a go of it. They should have been allowed to go off by themselves and take whatever actions their consciences dictated. They shouldn't have been made to make a public mush of themselves.

And what good did it do?

No one with any sense credited the "love" divorce. No one who knew the Bannisters—both of them grand people in my book—believed any of the charges that they hurled at each other.

But—given an anxious studio, a flock of litigious attorneys, and a press agent with a surfeit of undigested words—what have you? Well, to be frank, you have Hollywood.

Here and there among the things the Hollywood Johns and Janes have said or been made to say over the ashes of their loves, the diligent searcher can find a word or a phrase that makes sense, like Lana's "No!" My favorite, I think, is the one Lupe Velez got off anent her long delayed parting from her Tarzan:

"For seven years Johnny is an actor at Metro and all he say is 'Ugh!' So he take it all out on me at home. He talk, talk, talk, talk all the time."

Henry Fonda did all right, too, when he suddenly found himself minus Margaret Sullavan:

"I don't know on what grounds she obtained the divorce. Why should I? I was only the husband."

And there was a certain un-Hollywoodian forthrightness to the statement attributed to Charles Spencer Chaplin when, on the occasion of one of his pre-Goddard divorces, a reporter asked him if he would ever love again.

"I hope so," said Charlie. "It would be a sign of old age not to."

Most of the output, however, sags far below this high literary level. Generally speaking, the current propaganda is pretty well exemplified by the sort of drivel which Mischa Auer and his departing wife, two of the most literate and knowledgable people in all Hollywood, were apparently forced to exude—all about "that dear little adopted daughter" and that sort of thing.

The high point in this solemn Hollywood foolishness, however, occurred in that record-breaking divorce serial, Clark Gable's legal and financial good-by to Rhea Langham Gable.

EVERYBODY knew that Clark was crazy about Carole Lombard—as aren't we all?—and that Carole was that way about him—which is also understandable, even to a male. Nevertheless, nothing could be permitted to seep through to the dear fans of either Carole or Clark that the divorce which Mrs. Gable was about to get had anything to do with the marriage which was about to take place. Perhaps, therefore, the boys may be forgiven if they tackled the problem with heavy hand as well as heavy heart.

Anyhow, there is a limit to what even you and I will believe. And the limit came in this case when charming Mrs. Langham Gable, in alleged newspaper comments on Clark's desire for a divorce—after three years of seemingly interminable and highly publicized legal and financial negotiations—was made to say:

"It came to me as a complete surprise. I knew nothing about it until I read it in the newspapers."

Personally, I don't believe that the publicity boys at Clark's studio were officially responsible for this obvious flapdoodle. They are too clever for that. The inspired pen-pusher in this case may well have been a sob sister who was conveniently hard of hearing, or a private "operator" anxious to curry favor with the studio. But the principle is the same: the unfortunate victim of the master-minding has been made to say a ridiculous thing.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Langham Gable—all three Mrs. Gables in fact—and I would be willing to risk all I ever hope to win by backing Joe Louis against Artur Godoy on the statement that Rhea Langham could not and would not have thought up any such silly thing to say. And the same offer goes, with odds of varying ratios, for most of the severing spouses of Hollywood.

Yet, from the studio's point of view, the explanation of all this folderol is a simple one.

In almost every case, one of the partners is "a piece of property" in which some commercial organization, encumbered with stock issues and bond issues and bankers and creditors, has invested its money. The investment must be protected, and the way to do this, so cinema bigwigs believe, is to keep the investment, so far as possible, from becoming a human being.

HOLLYWOOD," wrote John Barrymore not long ago in these pages, "is quite allergic to love lives. What it likes stars to do is give the impression that their greatest off-screen happiness comes from feeding four-leaf clovers to cows."

All evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, however, most actors and actresses *are* human beings and are inclined to do as other human beings do. Reluctantly the movie Führers have had to admit that love will find a way. Marriages are still made in heaven, in spite of the front office.

But divorces—well, they're different. They're made in Hollywood or Reno or some other place near enough to the California-Nevada divide to enable the studio publicity department to "take over" and run them in the supercolossal manner we have described.

But the point which we are likely to overlook in discussions of this matter is that you really don't have to have a divorce at all, even in Hollywood.

The Eddie Robinsons haven't had one for fifteen or sixteen years, the Jimmy Cagneys for twenty, the Gregory Ratoffs for eighteen, the Paul Munis for nineteen, the Warner Baxters for twenty-four, the Victor McLaglens for twenty-one, the Joe E. Browns for twenty-five, the Frank Morgans for twenty-six, the Ralph Morgans for thirty, the Jimmy Gleasons for thirty-six. And then there are the Fredric Marches and the Pat O'Briens and the Bing Crosbys . . . but why pile up the statistics?

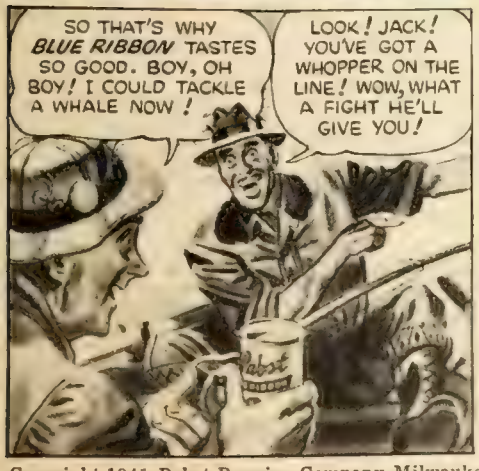
The thing *can* be done. It *is* possible to be happy though Hollywooded!

THE END

4 Hours and Not a Strike ... *then*

A Big Muskie!

Lucky that Ed Remembered "33 to 1"


SO THAT'S WHY BLUE RIBBON TASTES SO GOOD. BOY, OH BOY! I COULD TACKLE A WHALE NOW!
LOOK! JACK! YOU'VE GOT A WHOPPER ON THE LINE! WOW, WHAT A FIGHT HE'LL GIVE YOU!

25 MINUTES LATER
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SURE PLAYED THAT MUSKIE LIKE A MASTER.
IT'S "33 TO 1" THAT COOL TREAT OF YOURS HELPED. HOW ABOUT ANOTHER ONE TO CELEBRATE?

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Gosh! Blending 33 Brews sure makes this ONE delicious beer!

Man, what flavor—what smoothness—what sparkle! How does Pabst do it? By blending *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon Beer a goodness that *never* varies. Costly to do? Sure. But that's what makes it "33 to 1"—your lucky catch—your smartest bet in beer. Today—enjoy a glass, and *prove* it!

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER . . . IT'S TASTIER . . . IT NEVER VARIES

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1

. . . with a Blue Ribbon on it

Footloose!

By Grace Perkins

And now the gray shadow of tragedy, and tense moments in a thrilling modern novel

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

HORACE RUMFORD, engaged to Lili Kettridge, beautiful, rich, reckless, is in love with Magda, who is married to Bugs Dourbon. Lili loves Peter Higgins, a young law student with no money and an orphaned niece to support. So, when Magda's husband is killed in a plane crash, and Magda injured, and Horry breaks the engagement to go to the bedside of his first love, Lili's heart isn't hurt, although her pride is. She has a drink with Horry, then drives back to Croton, where she lives in an old house that belonged to her grandmother, and under the watchful eye of Sawyer, an old servant. Lili's father, Shelley, an artist, lives in Arizona with his second wife; her mother has recently arrived from England, but is seldom at home because of her social life and the lecture tours she is making.

On her way home, after her talk with Horry, Lili makes a wrong turning in the dark, discovers her mistake, and turns her car around. As she drives along the rain-swept road, she sees a crowd gathered. Peter is there, and on the ground, her head bleeding, is his small niece, Peggy. Lili, Peter, and Officer Bleakers take the child to the hospital. Her condition is serious, but the doctors hope to save her. Peter and Lili, who have quarreled in the past, are brought closer together by their concern for Peggy and their mutual indignation at the hit-and-run driver who injured her.

Lili takes Peter home with her for some food, and Old Sawyer, who has never liked Horry, opens a bottle of champagne to celebrate the end of Lili's engagement. They are drinking when Officer Bleakers arrives and tells Lili she is under arrest. He has examined her car and found some threads from Peggy's coat on the front fender. *She is the one who, without knowing it, hit Peter's niece!*

PART EIGHT—FOOD FOR THE TABLOIDS

LILI stared at the bits of navy blue wool in Bleakers' great palm. Then she covered her face with her hands.

She was conscious, in a moment, of Peter's voice; Peter's tone, loud and firm:

". . . But I am telling you, that's so! Miss Kettridge came to visit little Peggy—oh, a few days ago, and brought her a toy. She often comes over to see the child. You know that. . . . And the kid was playing around the car and caught her coat on something or other and ripped it."

"Go on," Bleakers prompted sarcastically. "Talk fast, Higgins."

"Well, there was a great rent in her coat," Peter continued, his voice dry and dogged. "Mrs. Robbins had put it aside to mend it. I guess that's one of the reasons Peggy got out tonight without our realizing it. She wore that coat instead of her leather jacket. You see?"

Officer Bleakers chewed his underlip for a moment and glanced over at Lili. Her head was up, her eyes were on Peter's face.

"I notice, Miss Kettridge, that your lamp had a new glass reflector and rim."

"Yes." Lili swallowed hard. "I had that fixed tonight on the road. I don't—exactly know—the name of the garage. I stopped because my windshield wiper wasn't working

ILLUSTRATOR EDWIN HENRY

"Look here, young lady. I don't mind your feeling sorry for yourself, but don't feel ashamed."

properly and one light seemed dim. The garageman changed the whole business. I guess you can check on that."

"You're damn right, I can check on everything," said Officer Bleakers. "All right. So maybe the kid caught her coat on your car, and maybe in tearing a rent some threads got in the left fender. All right. Thanks for explaining it. We're all friends here. And all for justice and truth, I'm sure."

There was an awkward pause. Nobody spoke or moved. Then Bleakers took out his handkerchief, put the woolen shreds inside, and as he folded it envelope-wise he turned and walked out of the room. Old Sawyer followed him.

Alone, Lili looked at Peter.

"Why did you lie?" she whispered.

He drew in his breath slowly and rubbed one temple with the back of his hand.

"It will be all right," he said in a low tone. "I'm sure Old Sawyer will hold him and I can get to Mrs. Robins first. She'll back up my story."

"But why—*why?*" insisted Lili, half aloud. "You *believe* it—don't you?"

He wheeled on her, his fist clenched at his side.

"Don't try to bluff me!" he exploded. "What further proof do you want? Didn't he show it to you?"

"I know, I know," she wailed, and wrung her hands helplessly, stupidly. "I don't mean that—I mean you believe I *knew* it."

"You *let* me lie, didn't you?"

"But I didn't know I—hit her, Peter," she gulped between sobs. "I could never do a thing like that. I didn't *know* it."

"Don't," he said abruptly. "What does it matter? Who am I to judge—or condemn? It's done, that's all. And I'm damned glad it happened—as far as you and I are concerned. At least now you will be out of my system, out of my thought, out of my mind forever. Ever since I met you, Lili, I've tried not to believe things about you. I've tried to give you the benefit of every excuse. I've tried to believe—"

He stopped, with a sharp clamp of his teeth, and glanced around the room as if seeking something to steady himself. His eyes came to rest on the silver stirrups.

She shrank way back in Gran's great armchair, staring at him with stricken gray eyes. Whether he expected her to speak or move, she couldn't tell. At any rate, she was incapable of it, and after a moment he walked out of the room. She heard the front door close. Peter was out in the rain now, walking away from her forever.

Her hand stole up to press against her chest because she found difficulty in breathing. Her arms seemed to feel again the helpless weight of little Peggy's body, the blood soaking through her dress. Over her once more rushed that immeasurable sense of half yearning, half fulfillment, as when she had held the insensible child.

She got up swiftly, feeling violently sick, and she looked around wildly, not sure that she could make the bathroom. She had just reached the hall when Old Sawyer and Officer Bleakers came through the dining room and faced her. She pressed her hand against her mouth and leaned against the frame of the door.

Officer Bleakers said: "He lied, didn't he?"

And, still with her mouth covered, Lili looked at him wildly and nodded.

"I knew from the first he was lying," Bleakers announced with satisfaction. "Has he gone?"

Lili forced her hand away from her mouth down to her side.

"That's too bad," Bleakers grunted.

"Might save him the trouble of tipping Mrs. Robbins off. I just looked your car over a little further. I found enough for me. I found enough for the court, too, if you ask me."

He opened his handkerchief again, and Lili tried to focus on something to which his stubby dirt-rimmed finger pointed.

"Right caked in the mud of your wheel—the front *left* wheel. Get it? A few strands of the kid's hair, with blood on them."

Lili peered, straining to see.

"Oh, Miss Lili!" Old Sawyer groaned. "Oh, Miss Lili, however could you?"

"Do you want to arrest me now?" Lili asked clearly.

"Oh, whenever it's convenient," Officer Bleakers said caustically.

She nodded and turned away from him. They didn't seem to notice that she had a little difficulty finding the newel post, or that she had to pull herself up the stairs. Even at the landing she could hear Old Sawyer at the telephone. His voice was cracked with tears and he was swearing at the operator as he repeated thickly a familiar number—that of Lili's New York lawyer. . . .

Upstairs she was mercifully sick. Then automatically she took off her housecoat and got dressed. She had no thought of what she was putting on, although she was aware it was new because she was unused to the catches. All new clothes, all new clothes, to go get arrested for manslaughter?—for murder?—for being under the influence?—for hitting and running?—for ignorance and heedlessness . . . self-centered grief?

WHEN she was ready to leave the room, she crossed to the telephone and gave the number of her mother's hotel in New York.

"Sorry," the long-distance operator said. "There's another call ahead of yours."

"Well, it can wait," Lili snapped. "I want my mother."

The operator repeated her number, and Lili covered the mouthpiece with a palm. How many strange things were happening to her that night. *I want my mother.* When had she last said that? . . . The hotel operator in New York cut in on her memories: she was calmly explaining to Lili that Mrs. Kettridge had gone out and wasn't expected back until noon the next day.

Lili hung up without leaving a message. She stood up and went downstairs. Old Sawyer was at the phone, bitterly berating the operator for not getting him Arizona.

"What in blazes are you doing, Sawyer?" she demanded.

"I'm doing what I think best," Old Sawyer told her in a voice he had never used before. "A girl needs her father at a time like this."

"Don't be dramatic, Sawyer!" she protested. "You know you can't reach my father by phone."

"Well, the Tucson police can get him," Old Sawyer flared. "Now I'm the man of this house, much or little. I'm telling you, I'm going to get your father and have him fly on, whether you like it or not."

"Shall we go?" Lili turned wearily to Officer Bleakers.

"Not yet," he answered. "Ben here's got you a lawyer coming."

"My heaven, I don't need a lawyer! I did it. None of you believe I didn't *know* I did it, and I guess it doesn't matter. I'm guilty. What do I need a lawyer for?"

Old Sawyer walked up to her, his gnarled fist raised.

"Are you going to shut up or not?" he asked.

Lili swallowed hard; then she sat on the bottom step of the great staircase and sighed.

"Your New York lawyer says for me to get a local lawyer," Old Sawyer explained, "and he's driving right over, and you're to keep your mouth shut and he's to do the talking, and Gorry here knows all about it. Don't you, Gorry?"

"Sure," said Bleakers. "Sure I do. Look here, Miss Lili. We won't make it any tougher than we have to. We'll just book you on the charge and your lawyer will put up bail. You'll be back here in less than half an hour. Later the case will come up for trial. You will get a fine, probably, and your license taken away. That's all there is to it."

"But it isn't all there *should* be to it!" Lili flared. "I should have to serve time. Isn't there a jail sentence? It's too easy to pay a fine."

"Don't be a bigger fool than you have to be," Bleakers grunted. "What do you want to do—sit behind bars and have photographers come and take your picture?"

Lili blinked. She hadn't thought of that. She stood up.

The sound of a car in the driveway seemed a relief to both men.

"Here's your lawyer," said Bleakers as Old Sawyer went out.

"Fine, fine," said Lili, and she went into the hall and saw Old Sawyer put on his raincoat and hat.

She slipped her arm through his, and as she faced the door she frowned and shook her head and glanced once more from Old Sawyer to Bleakers with tears in her eyes.

"Come, let's go do this simple thing and I'll be home in half an hour. And later I'll pay a fine and I just won't be allowed to drive any more, and that's all there is to it. Maybe I have killed some one—maybe I have injured her for life. But it's really not serious at all, is it?"

THEY couldn't realize how she felt. She shouldn't expect them to.

She kept her mouth closed and let the men of a man's world handle things. The lawyer drove her and Old Sawyer home, and maybe they thought her silence sullen or her answers deliberately curt.

At the house the lawyer gasped his relief that he was on hand, for there were reporters gathered at the entrance. Lili faced their flashlights until the lawyer stepped in front of her. Dutifully Lili said nothing, and was wedged by Old Sawyer into the house and up the stairs, and she could hear the lawyer's voice before she closed her door:

"Now, boys, you all know me . . ."

But she couldn't know, nor could any of them know, that one of those perennially bright-boy reporters had gotten in the house through a window, and had not only taken a list of all the wedding gifts and the givers' names, but had—scoop!—found on Gran's desk the announcement of her broken engagement which Lili had capriciously scrawled. This the tabloids loved as cats love liver, and Horry telephoned by noon the next day in a fine Rumford rage, shortly after Old Sawyer had wakened Lili with violent incoherent rantings as he showed her a full-page facsimile of her own writing.

HOW could you do a thing like that to me, Lili?" Horry moaned over the phone.

"It was all a mistake," Lili said. "Everything is always a mistake, Horry. How's Magda?"

The question seemed to take the wind out of him. Then in a chalky voice he told her:

"Bad. She's very bad, Lili."

Lili stared at the black-jonquil mouthpiece of her telephone and wondered why she always had the impulse to reach out and comfort Horace.

"Of course they won't let the reporters get to *her*," Horace went on, his tone gathering strength as he reattacked the cause of his indignation. "And if I have my way, she will never see the story. Never! It would just break her up. As for me, you've made life plenty thorny, Lili, and I can't move without stepping on a flashlight bulb. What kind of a cad are you trying to make of me?"

"Horace, that doesn't matter. Did you read what I *did?* I *hit* her, Horry. I actually *hit* her."

"So what?" Horry demanded. "You're not the first person who's hit some body, are you?"

Then, when she didn't answer, he added: "Sure it's awful, Lili, but hell! It could be worse."

"As long—as long as she lives—I guess it could be worse," Lili admitted docilely. And then, as he failed to answer, she realized instinctively what was in his thoughts, and she added: "Does Magda—know you, Horry?"

"Yes," he said. That was all; he obviously could say no more.

"But, Horry, people believe I knew I did it. They believe I drove on and then was hypocrite enough to come back and help her. They believe that, Horry!"

"Oh, a stench on what people believe," Horace snorted. "People don't believe anything. Why in blazes do you think churches are empty?"

"You're a nice boy, Horry."

He was a nice boy, too. And she hoped that Magda would live to fill

his heart and give him something to work for. . . .

Peter Higgins would not answer the phone. That became obvious.

Lili called the hospital to inquire for little Peggy. She was told coldly that no information was to be given out. Affronted, Lili asked to speak to Dr. Alberts; he was too busy to talk. She left word asking him to call back—but he didn't.

She fully expected, as she waited to be connected with her mother's hotel room, that Lillian Kettridge would be on the verge of hysterics—between her daughter's arrest and the tabloid stories of the broken engagement. Instead Mrs. Kettridge was gravely calm.

"It's all galling." Her mother's voice had a sort of bloody-but-unbowed tone. "But, darling, we live through these things even though we think we can't."

"Mother, I have something even worse to tell you," Lili said. "Old Sawyer—I couldn't stop him—telephoned for father, and evidently this morning there was a wire that he is flying on."

"Where," Lillian Kettridge wailed thinly, "do you think the stars were the night I was born?"

There was an unhappy pause.

"I suppose, mother, that you won't want to come out here if he's coming?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly—not possibly."

"Then, mother, couldn't I come in and stay with you, please? Because I would much rather be with you than with him."

I'M awfully sorry, Lili, but it's impossible. I am just—not well. Besides, dear, you must be there," Lillian Kettridge coaxed. "You must brace up, dear, and handle things somewhat. Keep very much to yourself and don't see any one you don't have to. I'm sending out, from a perfectly marvelous service corporation here, some excellent secretaries to handle things for you. They will be the butt between you and all the tradespeople, the caterers and others that we have contracted with."

"All right, mother."

"That's the girl!" Her mother's voice was almost pleading. "As for me, I'm going to move. I'll let you know through the secretaries my telephone number, but, for heaven's sake, don't give it to Shelley."

"All right, mother."

"And listen, Lili. How would you like to come to England with me? Don't you think that would be a fine solution?"

"It would be running away."

"Only temporarily. Think it over."

Lili hung up, desolate, yet ashamed of the feeling. However much a fevered female her mother might be, she was standing by her in her own way. It would be dramatic and noble to go to Europe. It wasn't what she wanted, but it was her mother's best advice.

The phone rang constantly. Each

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time Lili lifted the receiver off in her bedroom. But it was never the hospital, never Peter, never any news about little Peggy; only her friends by the score—playmates, rather—or friends of Gran. And Old Sawyer handled them, taking messages.

The secretaries arrived in the middle of the afternoon. Mr. Rex Wareham, the head of the little corps, however, was hell-bent on seeing Lili personally. She received him in Gran's upstairs study after her tray supper. And was glad. From the moment the bland, grinning, red-headed Rex Wareham walked into the room life lost some of its tragic weight. Within ten minutes he had commiserated with her mishaps and had matched her newspaper scandal with stories of other socialites whose affairs had jammed far worse than Lili's. These stories he delivered with the diverting air of one who regarded life as an opéra bouffe.

Lili found him a blessed relief.

"Now, you just call on me for anything." He wagged a finger at her. "There isn't any situation so ticklish that Rex Wareham can't tackle it—or think of a way out. But just *don't* call me Superman."

It was the first time she had smiled in more than twenty-four hours, and Lili was grateful to the guy with the gleaming orange-red hair who trotted down the staircase.

ALONE, she telephoned Mrs. Robbins, who greeted her coldly.

"Oh, I can't *talk* to you." The woman choked—and hung up.

Lili found herself shaking. That wasn't quite fair, no matter how badly they thought of her—to cut her off from news. What were they going to do? Boycott her? Obviously Dr. Alberts wasn't going to call back. Did everybody behave that way? She rang for Old Sawyer.

"Sawyer," she said, "how is Peggy? Surely you have heard."

"She came out of the coma this noon," he said. "She's raving, they say—delirious."

"Have they got a specialist? They're not sparing any expense—they wouldn't do that, would they, Sawyer?"

"No, they wouldn't," Old Sawyer said grimly. "I went over to see Dr. Alberts myself this morning. I told him the estate would pay for anything and everything."

"Yes, yes, of course," Lili said drearily. "Thanks, Sawyer."

She closed the door and paced up and down her room. She felt so awfully trapped, not being able to drive. She felt completely confined to this house, to these grounds—or else dependent on others. She could hire a car and driver, who would report every place she went with complete satisfaction. . . . Where would she go? And to whom? Oddly, she never felt more full of energy—and there was no use to put it to; no one who wanted any part of her. Lili knelt by her bed to pray, and ended up sobbing.

Old Sawyer opened the door and gazed unceremoniously at her with a hopeless shake of his head.

"Tears never washed a handkerchief," he said glumly, and held out a bottle of capsules to her. "Here, take one of them things and get some sleep. It's your mother's prescription I got filled for you. You need rest."

After Sawyer had gone, Lili pulled herself to her feet and set about to bathe and go to bed. Obediently she took a sleeping tablet, mumbling as she crawled into bed that it was no answer; only a habit that made more problems.

IT pleased her that the sleeping medicine caused her to wake so late. Below was the bustle of Rex Wareham and his workers. They seemed in very gay spirits.

Old Sawyer brought her tray and his expression immediately caused her alarm.

"No, no; little Peggy, she's just the same," he said. "They are still giving her that new treatment. She ain't out of it yet."

"Then what *is* the matter, Sawyer?" Lili demanded.

"Your Gran's favorite child is here," he grunted.

"Father?"

"Yup. On the train that got in at 1 A. M. He called me up and I went down and drove him here. It was awful."

"You mean he had been drinking?"

"Snakes, no! He's nobody's problem when he drinks. He's just a poor soft-boiled egg when he drinks. But I ain't going to be able to stand it long if he's going to stay sober like last night."

"Is he awake now?" Lili sighed.

"Very much awake." Old Sawyer shrugged. "He's had a long talk with the workers downstairs and told them how to do everything. The rest of the time he's been trying to find your mother on the telephone. Which reminds me, I have got you a message from her."

From a pocket Old Sawyer took a note.

"She phoned here just after you had gone to sleep," he explained. "She would like you to call her at that number at five this afternoon. I'll find a reason for you to go out and I'll drive you to a phone."

"Thanks, Sawyer," Lili nodded.

Alone, she pushed back her tray and began to get dressed, drinking coffee as she hurried through the routine. Between garments she would rip open a letter and read it while she pulled on a stocking or adjusted a strap.

Sympathy, sympathy—words of courage, words of protest. Letters from strangers hoping she would burn in hell for hit-and-run. . . . Letters from her bridesmaids who had invested so much in their costumes. . . . And a letter from college suggesting, in view of her poor scholastic standing, she not return.

She read it several times and tried to grin. Maybe they meant it. Maybe the date was genuine. Maybe they hadn't written it just because of the scandals that had broken.

Rex Wareham came for her to sign checks. The relief of speaking to some one became almost a craving, which the Wareham somehow seemed to sense, until she found herself too amazed to be angry as she listened to him analyze her problem with rare worldly cunning.

". . . only for your own good, you understand, and because I would like to help. I just get a keen joy—a keen joy, I am telling you—from working things out for people. . . . Naturally, only one thing. . . . Got to restore your good name. . . . Charities. . . . If you did something like being a donor of blood . . . and the publicity could easily be slipped in so that it wouldn't seem too obvious . . ."

She nodded, marveling, hating herself for being comforted by this lily-white, redheaded young climber who had no eyelashes. Not until he mentioned a certain name did she sit forward, acutely conscious.

"What was that you said?" she cried.

"Oh, don't, don't! Please don't ever resent kindness," he admonished.

"I just want to know what you said," Lili repeated firmly. "You said that I was *in love*—"

"With Mr. Higgins, the child's uncle. Of course. Your mother let it drop. You know how people will. Oh, lots of friends of yours know it."

"I am not," she denied, furious that there had been talk; that there was no privacy. "Maybe I was, but I'm not—you hear?"

"Well, all right." Rex Wareham threw his hands out like a bound slave ready to be chained. "But I was just saying that if you could marry *him!* You see what I mean?"

"You mean, Mr. Public Relations, that would fix everything pretty. Is that what you mean?"

"Well," he said, "it sure would hush their mouths, wouldn't it? If you married the child's uncle, after all. . . ."

"Mr. Wareham!" Lili spoke frigidly. "Do you mind getting along downstairs and finishing your job?"

He left, and almost blindly Lili sought her father, and found him in Gran's upstairs writing room.

SHELLEY opened the door and held out his arms. She hugged him very tight, clinging to him because of the ineffable comfort of the pair of arms around her.

But her father broke away, embarrassed.

"Come, now," he said. "Don't overdo the prodigal daughter." He turned away with a bluff of laughing. "I don't know why Old Sawyer sent for me. Everything seems to be handled perfectly around here."

Her father went over to ring the bell.

"Go out in the hall and tell

Sawyer to bring me up some brandy. I don't want to have to face him again. He gives me the creeps."

"Have you seen Peter, father?"

"Peter?" Shelley sprawled on a horsehair couch and frowned at her vaguely. "Peter who?"

"Oh, nothing," said Lili.

She went out of the room, partially to recapture her old acceptance of Shelley's peculiarities.

She returned as Old Sawyer was bringing in the brandy bottle, siphon, and set-up.

"Haven't had a drink," Shelley mumbled, "since the police roared out to my trailer to tell me I was wanted. That's all they told me, you know. Enough to blast a man out of his senses!"

He took a drink of straight brandy. His large luminous eyes contemplated Old Sawyer and he laughed.

"It's hardly a laughing matter, sir," Old Sawyer grumbled.

"You don't know how funny it is," Shelley protested. "You don't know how many years I've waited to be called here—to be needed."

"All right," said Old Sawyer, and left them.

I HADN'T any idea it was *you*," Shelley continued to Lili.

"You mean—you thought it was mother?"

"Where the hell is she?"

"I don't know, father."

"Liar!"

"I really don't, father. She was at the—"

"Yes, I know. She was at the hotel until last night when she heard I was coming. Then she moved. I haven't been able to find her. I've been hours and hours calling everywhere. Why isn't she here taking care of you?"

"She isn't well, father. She'll be out as soon as she can."

"I know she isn't well." Shelley drained his glass. "I know as much about her as you do."

Lili sighed. She leaned back in an armchair, smoking, watching her father. His strained mouth, his shaking hands, his apparent efforts to keep calm . . .

"Why don't you leave her alone?" Lili asked tonelessly.

"I have left her alone for more than twenty years, haven't I?"

Lili said nothing. She sat and listened to the sounds of her father pouring more brandy—the wind outside, the voices downstairs. She stood up.

"You haven't said a word about me, father," she reminded him. "You're supposed to be here to help me out of my scrape."

"You don't seem to need any help, Lili." He smiled. "I made a lot of inquiries when I arrived. You have the best lawyers, they have the best doctors at the hospital, and downstairs everything is being handled socially. So what is there for me to do?"

"Nothing, father. I just thought

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you might have—well, you might have seen Peter Higgins."

"I tried to," Shelley nodded. "But he was with the doctors at the time. Peter's a good egg, and I'll take him out and grease his worries for him a little later. This is no time to butt in on a man's privacy."

"I have some checks to sign," Lili said. "I'll join you before dinner."

He reached out, as she was about to pass him, and caught her hand.

"Look here, young lady," he said with bland sympathy. "I don't mind your feeling sorry for yourself, but don't feel ashamed. I have always felt that girls should be allowed to sow wild—something—maybe barley?"

Despite herself, the tears dropped from her face to the table.

"Oh, father," she said, "I am so unhappy!"

Shelley went out of the room, and returned presently with a bathroom glass, and into it he poured some brandy.

"Drink it down, Lili," he said. "You're chilled all over."

She held up the glass as he held his.

"But this isn't any answer, father, is it?" she asked insistently. "It hasn't been any answer for you."

"No, this isn't any answer, Lili," her father said quietly. "It just keeps you from questioning."

OLD SAWYER dropped her on Main Street and went on to do a few household errands while she phoned. The drugstore, feebly lit as usual, was without customers save for a truck driver sucking a "coke." Lili nodded to the owner and made straight for the telephone booth in the back, fumbling with silver as she walked. She was glad, as she gave the number, that the truck driver left. When the druggist went to the back of his shop, she opened the booth door slightly for air. . . .

Her mother's voice sounded far away and rather labored, and Lili found herself cupping her lips to the phone and speaking with great deliberation, quite as if that helped her, in turn, to hear better.

". . . I'm sorry, Lili darling," Mrs. Kettridge droned plaintively, "but the England idea is no go at all. I'm told you can't have a passport while you are waiting trial on any charge. And, in the second place, I've talked with a lot of influential people who say you could never get a visa if you're convicted, which of course you're going to be. Besides, you won't have a driving license, and I *had* thought, you see, of ambulance driving. Guess I'm not thinking clearly, honey. Guess you'll have to give me a few days to recuperate."

"Mother!" Lili forgot everything in her concentration into the mouthpiece. "Please, darling, where are you? Let me come to you. Please!"

"Stop it instantly!" Lillian Kettridge's voice, even ill and breathless, could be imperious. "You don't want to make things more difficult?"

"Of course not."

"Then let me be. It's nothing serious, but I need a few days' care. I'm desperately sorry not to be helping you more, but . . ."

"That's all right, mother."

"How is the child?"

"No change—so Old Sawyer tells me. That's all the news I get. Nobody else will speak to me, evidently."

"How too absurd! Don't let them do it. Haven't you seen that Higgins boy?"

"No. He won't talk to me on the phone, either."

"You poor kitten! You sound so forlorn. But you must stop crying. Lili—are you still in love with him?"

"Yes—yes, I am, mother. I always will be. I'll never love anybody but Peter. But I've lost him—there's no use even trying to make things right with him. Besides, he probably wouldn't even believe it was love, because he'd never believe that I—that he was the only one. I mean—oh, what's the use of talking? Can I call you tomorrow?"

"Yes, baby, at the same time. My heart aches for you, Lili, but we all live through it. Would you like me to send you out a masseuse?"

"No—thank you, darling. Goodby."

Almost as if fleeing, Lili hung up the receiver and fully opened the door. Then her eyes widened with sudden frantic horror as she paused to face a silent huddle of people. . . .

There were in the store easily—oh, easily—ten to fourteen customers who, having learned there might be something of intriguing interest, had suddenly found they needed things at the drugstore. Some of them faced her openly; others pretended great absorption in selecting a purchase and cast her furtive side glances. Most of them, however, were looking not at her at all—but at a figure at the prescription counter barely four feet from Lili.

SHE turned, knowing from the expressions of the onlookers that she would face Peter. The color leaked from her face as she remembered all she had said with her booth door partly open—all these people must have heard.

Peter was standing, tense, ill at ease, his face slightly averted from her, his hand outstretched as the druggist counted out his change. How much had he heard? Had he really heard her babble her love for him before some of the village's top-rung gossips?

Will Lili's confession of her love for Peter bring him back to her, in spite of what she has done to Peggy? Or will he continue to distrust her? Read next week's dramatic chapter in this vivid modern story of a beautiful girl whose love was dogged by disaster.

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coiffure was soon evident. In a booth at the back of the shop was an old-fashioned permanent-waving apparatus with a large metal hood that came down over the head.

"*Voilà!*" said Pierre dramatically. "The microphone!"

It was fitted inside the metal helmet, and headphones could be attached to an outlet within it too—a small affair but complete. The complex wiring of the permanent-wave machine included wires that ran up to the transmitter concealed under the flooring of the room above, the bedroom of Mme. and M. Dupon. Batteries were in the small dressing table in front of the chair beneath the helmet. To be sure, you could not wear the helmet when sending messages, but if you were sending them and some one came who might look into the booth, the helmet could be lowered over the head and a voluble and agitated hairdresser could be soothing an equally agitated lady through the process of a permanent wave.

"STRANGE effect if a man were caught at it," observed Peter.

"My wife does most of our sending while I keep guard," explained Dupon, "and that no one will be surprised to find her head in the machine, she must always have the perfect wave in the hair."

"I shall be glad when the war is over," observed madame, giving her ringlets a pat.

"She speaks in code as though she were Bernhardt," remarked D'Hasque, "and she is a good study. She gets a new code quickly."

"Our son, Jean—he is fourteen—he tunes in the machine for her. He is very clever," said Pierre proudly.

"And suppose they trace the radio to this house?" asked Stanleigh.

"They have never yet traced the underground routes through the cellars of Antwerp," madame told him. "We know which ones are safe—or we think we do. But what does that matter? If we are caught, there will be others."

Stanleigh liked these people. Their spirit was extraordinary. Having put together Fräulein's remark about England and some changes being made in the chartroom while he was working with a Herr Schlauch, he had news to send. He gave them his message to be transmitted that night.

As he was leaving, he said to D'Hasque, "Your daughter is in a dangerous place. Now that I'm there, can't you find a way to get her out of it?" He had learned that her real name was Melanie, not Maria.

D'Hasque's face was grave. "To get her out just now is more dangerous than to leave her there. Her going would cause suspicion. But a time will come. Until then, do what you can to help her—*without* endangering the cause."

"It means that much to you?"

"It means that much to her also," answered her father.

The bravery of D'Hasque and his daughter and the secret laughter of the Dupons came from a very different source from the disillusioned lack of fear and the sardonic mirth of Fräulein Doktor. These people sent warmth running through his heart. As he walked through the streets on the way back to the House, he realized that he was passing other men and women like them, that beneath his feet were the underground routes through the cellars of Antwerp, that they reached other people in France, other hairdressers like Pierre and small business men like D'Hasque with wives and daughters and sons that were loyal. In England, under other names, these same people were standing firm, making air-raid shelters into social clubs as bombs battered at them without let-up. These people were the strong foundation stones of the world. They were the ones for whom he was working. Why, he wondered, were they called "*little* people," "the *little* man in the street," when each knew the courage of the rest so well that he could say casually with Elise Dupon, "If we are caught, there will be others"? Little people, indeed! They were gigantic!

When Stanleigh reached the House, it seemed to him that the ominous tension in the atmosphere of its hallways had increased. One of the men whom he had learned to identify as a radio operator came hurrying down the stairs with Schmidt and they were talking excitedly. Professor Stoeckel, who usually stayed in his chemical laboratory, was apparently on his way to Fräulein Doktor. Two of the men, numbered like himself but of longer residence, came hastily out of study rooms and dashed upstairs. He passed Melanie in the upper corridor and gave her a quick nod as though to say, "I know who you are. All's well." She answered with a fleeting smile and hurried into the map room.

PETER spent the evening working with a new code that Herr Bauer gave him.

"I have told Fräulein Doktor that you are especially quick in code work," Bauer explained. "This is a new one—not easy. Five of our men are leaving for active duty. You are to become familiar with this quickly, so that, if you are needed upstairs—"

"Wireless room?" asked Peter, his heart bounding. To get into that forbidden place and hear reports and orders coming and going!

"No," said Bauer doubtfully. "Well, to tell the truth, I'm not sure. My orders are merely to give you this code. But it does not excuse you from other work."

"When do the men leave?" asked Peter. "When must I be ready?"

"They go Sunday, I believe," said Bauer; "that's why we are having the monthly party Saturday night instead of a week later, when it is due."

"Don't tell me you have anything so frivolous as parties here!"

"Only for the most advanced workers," said Bauer. "The others need the discipline of learning to be solitary."

"Shall I be invited?" queried Peter.

"You've been here a very short time—I should think not. Still," the fellow gave him a hard and puzzled look, "you are certainly not a novice."

"I had the advantage of being with Mme. Frederika."

"And you are better than she is in some of the things she has taught you."

"A man and a woman have different aptitudes," said Peter quickly.

"Frederika was never good at anything so dry as code," stated Bauer, "and maps confuse her." He pulled at his mustache thoughtfully.

"Her talents lie in other directions," murmured Peter.

"They certainly do!" Bauer suddenly grinned and looked at him, man to man.

Peter gave him an answering smirk. So that was what Frederika was like! He was reminded of another question he wanted to ask at the right moment.

"Won't you sit down and have a drink with me, Herr Bauer?"

The man hesitated. "No," he said finally, "I am not allowed to be sociable with students in their rooms."

OH, come now," Peter wanted to push that one comradely moment into an acquaintanceship, "it's not breaking rules. You have been told to hurry me in the new code. Stay and instruct me."

"Perhaps I could help you start on it," said Bauer cautiously, "and I could do with a drink. I suppose you know it is against the rules for you to have it."

"No," said Peter. "I haven't been here long enough to learn such unpleasant things." He poured out two drinks.

Bauer took a sip. "It tastes good," he said. "I've had a devilish day." He relaxed. "And I must admit I like a little fresh conversation now and then. When I was younger, like you, I didn't mind being alone. It was all in the run of the work. Now—!" he sighed.

"Frederika is not alone much," observed Peter, wanting to learn more about his supposed sponsor.

"No—no," Bauer leaned back more comfortably, "and that's in *her* line of work."

Peter poured him another drink. "Who is Vronky?" he inquired after a while.

Bauer's eyes opened a little wider. "Why?" he asked.

"Only that she said he is some one I should emulate," said Peter easily, omitting to identify the "she."

"You should emulate him?" Bauer let out a subdued shout. "Frederika was teasing you if she said that. No

one will ever emulate him. He was Fräulein Doktor's husband. Actually, she is Frau, not Fräulein."

"Really!" said Peter and thought his own thoughts about what Fräulein had said. "I was told he was a master of espionage. Perhaps that is what she meant."

"He was that, too," answered Bauer, "and our Fräulein Doktor is what she is because of him. He started her in the work. When he died, something in her died too, I think. She carries on his work as he would do it—to live his life, to do what he would do. And she has been successful because she is not only brilliant but without an interest in any human being. That is important. To have no fear and no pity and to love no one." He sighed. "I have my wife and my daughter—and my daughter has a small baby. If it were not for this war, I'd be with them. That is why I am useful only to teach."

"How did Vronky die?" asked Stanleigh.

"He was shot—and the assassin got away," said Bauer. "It was the only time in her life that Fräulein ever showed nerves. She came near a breakdown. Since then she has had no tears for any one."

"We must get at the code," said Peter, "if I am to make good as your pupil."

They worked only a short time. Bauer was sleepy. He left soon and Peter thanked him profusely for his help.

IN the days that followed, Peter could only sit like a cat at a rathole and wait for news—but there were many ratholes and too many rats. And he did little sitting alone. He was crammed by specialists with various kinds of knowledge at such a rate that he doubted if any one who had not known most of it could have absorbed anything at all. Yet this was their method. And they got results. He "memorized" maps and charts showing vital spots in the United States and Britain—which he knew already—and answered rapid-fire quizzes on them by Schlauch. Stoeckel gave him a going over in chemistry and packed him full of details on explosives. Peter felt like a bomb on a short-time fuse himself.

He spent hours with the military expert, Captain Helling, and more hours with Lieutenant Hans Werner who had downed twenty-three planes in Norway but had lost a leg in a bobsled accident while celebrating the Norwegian victory and was now instructing special espionage men to understand plane designs when they got hold of them. Stanleigh was amazed to see a model of one of the newest British pursuit planes which the government had guarded with great secrecy, for it had not yet come into use. At the same time he learned a good deal about new German planes and guns. Thorough—these birds!

But it was Herr Bauer who drove him the hardest. It was not merely old and new German code but American and British, with all the variations. He was familiar with most of this, including some of the German, and he was able to spend his study hours on the new stuff. It was a tricky game to keep his tutors from knowing what was new and what was old to him, but it gave him better opportunity for innocently looking into things that were supposed to be none of his business.

All of the so-called "students" had separate instruction. The last-minute charts of military moves and plans were kept by Schlauch under heavy lock. Three of the five men who were to leave on the important Sunday came in frequently to use them.

THE activity in the House increased. By now he knew definitely that the Steen was von Brauchmann's headquarters and that the equipment in the House on Harmony Street was used for his military communiqués and for information directed to him. Von Brauchmann himself spent hours in the offices adjacent to the wireless room and, when he was not there, Peter gathered that the private telephones between the House and the Steen were kept busy.

What surprised, and worried him too, was that even in these days Fräulein Doktor took time to send for him. At times she quizzed him on what he was learning.

On one occasion she said, "If we had known your powers of observation and memory as well as we do now, we would have had you stay longer in England before coming here." It was not a soothing comment in the light of what followed.

On his arrival he had explained that he had seen there almost nothing of value, being too busy avoiding being seen himself and getting through to Vichy as fast as possible. Now she gave him a memory test involving what he had learned about Britain from Helling and Werner. He had been answering almost mechanically, when suddenly she slipped in a question which Paul Sturm could not have answered if he had known only what he had been taught in the House. Peter caught the reply before it reached his lips.

He paused, thinking hard. "I'm sorry—" He shook his head finally. "I don't remember that. I don't remember any one's mentioning it." He apologized.

Fräulein Doktor made no comment, merely continued the questioning for a few moments. Then she seemed to relax her interest in his education, but she did not dismiss him. Instead she talked with him about sculpture and painting.

"The best things that were in the museums here," she said, "have been either taken away or put in vaults, but there are still a few pictures you should see. On some of the long walks that I hear you take, you should go to visit them."

How much did she know of his walks?

"There is very little fresh air to be found in museums, and if I don't get fresh air every day, my brain doesn't work," he answered smoothly.

He had gone for a daily walk, even if he could get only a short one. He had done it not merely because of fresh air but because he must get word to D'Hasque, and a daily walk, often only around the neighborhood or into an opposite part of town, would keep the days on which he went to Zurenborg less conspicuous.

"The young man from Canada—used to the wide-open spaces," commented Fräulein. "Did Frederika take walks with you?" she asked lightly.

He depended on what he had learned from Bauer of Frederika. "Only when necessary," he said; "she is—not the outdoor type."

Fräulein smiled. "She will get on well in New York," she murmured.

Peter made a mental note. Better tell Helton to warn Washington if she had managed to skip Canada. Frederika seemed to be quite a girl.

Fräulein Doktor was regarding him with that peculiarly softened look again. "I used to walk a great deal," she stated. "On my first trip to Belgium, I walked all over it—painting. We made maps of the fortifications and munitions depots that way—a lake shore indicating the line of defense, trees in groups showing special gun emplacements. It was a beautiful summer."

It must have been, thought Peter sarcastically. Aloud he said the same words in a gentler tone that blended with her last phrase. He noticed she had said "we."

She became suddenly brusque again and dismissed him as though she hated the sight of him. The woman was hungry, thought Peter.

WHEN next she sent for him there was no sign that she remembered either her gentleness or her brusqueness. She was triumphant, a general thriving on action. News had just come over the wireless that London had had its worst bombing of the entire war. She handed him the bulletins on her desk.

"I told you it would not last till you were ready," she remarked. "This is only a small hint of what is coming."

Peter looked at the details. Were they true? Suppose they were—England would hold out. These people didn't know the British. And yet inside him he felt sick.

"Was there no retaliation?" he asked.

"The reports from Berlin say some enemy planes were driven off with very little damage."

He doubted if Berlin were telling even Fräulein Doktor the truth.

In the chartroom that morning one of the departing operatives had been memorizing some charted plans—a series of them, each dated for one day. He had been summoned away from the table by Schlauch, intent upon explaining something to him.

Peter had got only a glimpse of the chart—a coastal map with the hieroglyph for boats along the coast—many of them in definite formation. But they had tried that in September and failed with terrible losses. Now there would be something more. He sneaked another furtive look. Something up at Tromsö—but what? The separate study tables were placed at an angle so that it was hard to see clearly what was on the neighboring one. The fellow was coming back to work at it. Peter studied his own assignment industriously. There was a seaplane base at Tromsö. Probably they'd strike from there too, but that was to be expected. When? was what he needed to know. With what that was new? And would there be a diversion somewhere else just as it was to come off?

He stood now in Fräulein Doktor's office, knowing the answer lay in Fräulein Doktor's brain. She and von Brauchmann knew.

She was the only woman he had ever wanted to kill. She sat here in the center of this spider web of hers that reached, through its operatives and its communication lines, into every decent country and sent poison and dissension and war through the world. He wanted to kill her, but he had to find out what was in her brain first. Three years ago—even less—he would not have believed he could reach this state of mind.

He heard her commanding him to the party for the men who were going on active duty. "You seem to have progressed far enough to be eligible," she said.

"It is so kind of the Fräulein." Some day he would kick himself around several extra blocks for each submissive speech he had forced himself to make.

He took a pack of American cigarettes out of his pocket. "I found these at a tobacconist's on my walk last evening," he said. "Perhaps you will like them."

"If the Americans and the English had made as many guns as they have cigarettes—and as good ones—" She took the pack. "Thank you." He had wondered if she would accept them from him. It was a step forward.

He was unable to go for his walk until after dinner that night. And so he went to D'Hasque's home, which was near the end of the little Rue du Bélier through which they had gone that first day on their way to Dupon's. He approached it now from the direction of the Place de l'Aurore. The late afternoon rain had washed the sky clean for a slender new moon. The little square with its small bandstand silhouetted in the middle looked very peaceful.

Stanleigh and D'Hasque sat in a room at the back of the house. "By watching the men at the special files and checking in one or two other ways, I know which five are going," said Peter, "and I'm pretty sure I know where three of them are headed for. Perhaps I can find out the others' destinations by tomorrow night. But I don't yet know the names of the men, so we'll have to give them our own tags."

D'Hasque thought a moment. Then he said, "It is dangerous that you and Melanie have both come tonight, but it is also fortunate." He called his daughter from the next room. "Perhaps she can give you the names if you describe the men."

Melanie, the girl whom Fräulein Doktor knew as Maria Luys, came in.

"I hear you warned father of me." She had the smile of an impish child, and it went oddly with the large, rather dreamy brown eyes.

"Now that I look at you closely," said Peter, "you are the most innocent person in the world."

"I hope not," muttered her father. "She would be useless."

"Fräulein Doktor says it's just stupidity," Melanie informed him. "She says I will never be any good for field work, but she keeps me on because she does not want to offend Mynheer Callowaert, who is valuable to the Führer. So she uses me for work in the offices."

"Wonderful," said Peter, not bothering to figure out whether he meant her talent for stupidity or the satin-smooth skin, which was white for dark hair and eyes.

"She doesn't look much like you," he said to the blond D'Hasque.

"She looks like her mother," said D'Hasque.

He started to put on his coat. "You

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play that what's-my-name game with Melanie and maybe she can give you the answers. I'll run over to Dupon's and see if there's a message for you, Stanleigh." He left hurriedly.

"There are sixteen men and three girls at the House now," stated Melanie, going straight to the point; "we should be able to pick out the five."

HE sighed. "The first time I meet a nice girl in weeks—and she says, 'Get to work.' Righto!" He began the game. "I am medium height, medium weight, have medium brown hair and hazel eyes." He took the hardest one first. "My left eyebrow arches a little but the right one is just a bit straighter." He saw a flicker in her intent expression. "You have extraordinary eyes." He caught himself at her frown. "So sorry. I'll get on with it. I have a short nose, turned up a little. The tip is modeled to a small point—"

"And you have pointed ears," she accused him.

"Not like a donkey's," Peter defended.

"No, not long but round, with a point at the top to match the nose, like a bulldog—Johann Raeder. Where are you going?"

"Ireland."

"Then God help the English! Who's next?"

There was no trouble identifying the blond giant who, so Peter thought, was going to blend into the scenery in Norway. He was Fritz Mueller.

"From the way Rheingold Schnabel has been acting, I think he may be one of the five," she went on pensively; "tall, thin, eyes too close—like a fox—long nose, and a thin-lipped V-shaped mouth that opens from ear to ear—like an ostrich's."

"Just because you live in Zurenborg, where all the streets are named for animals—Street of the Ram, Street of the Dragon, Street of the Eagle, do you always think of people that way too?" asked Peter.

"But it usually works," protested Melanie. "We also have the Street of the Dove, you know. But Rheingold Schnabel is no dove."

"From your description, Rheingold sounds like a hybrid of the whole zoo. I believe you are describing the man I always think of not as the man nobody knows but as the man nobody wants to know."

"That's Schnabel. To fit the rest of him, his hands should be long and slim. They are stubby—brutal."

Peter nodded. "He's one whose port I haven't learned. Well, there's an alert-looking fox terrier going to France— Good heavens, you've got me doing it!" They decided he was Felix Glück. "The last one should be Glück," said Stanleigh, "considering the fact that in German *glück* means *happy*—the round cheery little chap who always looks as though he wants to break rules and get conversational."

"And in his cheery little way," replied the dreamy-eyed Melanie, having tagged him as Knoepfler, "he is the most accomplished of the lot. He's so genial that every country he goes to thinks he's one of them. And he talks seven languages without an accent. He's as enchanting as a honey bear. You'd better find out where he's going, if he's the other you don't know about."

"He'll be in my every thought till I do. Look here!" he spoke abruptly. "This is no work for you to be in. Living in the House with these cutthroats! Now that I'm there, can't you find a way to get out gracefully?"

"Not nice of you to try to put a lady out of her residence as soon as you move into the neighborhood."

"I'm serious," said Peter. "It isn't a joking matter."

DO you think I don't know that?" Her voice was grave and with no reproof in it. "I've been frightened time after time, and I've lived through it. I'll be frightened again. But after you've died a thousand deaths a day for three months, you learn you're immortal. That is, if what you are doing means more than dying to you."

He began to understand now why her eyes were like that.

"You see," she said softly, "even the children who play in the Place de l'Aurore have the courage to sing our national song, the Brabançonne, and then run from the German officers who chase them and try to cane them—and put a fine on their parents. But the children go on singing and their parents are glad. I can't let those children down. I lived through that when I was little. I couldn't bring children of my own into the world to go through it too—or be slaves. I have to make it safe for them. And if I don't live to have them, I have to try my best to make it safe for the children of *these* children who sing the Brabançonne in the Place de l'Aurore." Suddenly the quirky, almost brattish smile lit her face. "Some day I shall sing it to Fräulein Doktor."

"You are singing it every time you go in that house," Peter answered. "That's what worries me."

"Don't worry," she said, and added seriously, "it incapacitates one." She stood up. "I'd better be getting back to our Fräulein." She went to get her coat.

PLACE DE L'AURORE," translated Peter to himself, "Place of the Dawn. Children who sing bravely in the Place of the Dawn." Melanie came out with her wraps.

"It won't be a false dawn this time," he said. "I promise you that."

D'Hasque came back just as she was leaving. "Haven't you gone yet, Melanie? You must hurry. You and Captain Stanleigh must not go back together. Get in quietly." He kissed her. "Good night," he said.

"See you at the party," said Peter. "Take care you don't show you have met before—both of you!" said D'Hasque. Peter heard him call again, "Good night," as he saw her into the street.

D'Hasque came back into the room. "Whenever she goes, I always hope I'll see her again," he said simply.

"I'll do my best for her."

"Good of you. But one never can tell about either Melanie—or me. We both know it. Come, let's get on with our business."

While D'Hasque had been out of the room, Peter had been considering the man and his daughter. They didn't seem quite to belong out here in this neighborhood, and yet he had noted they fitted in comfortably.

"Have you always lived in this house?" Stanleigh asked.

D'Hasque smiled a little. "No. Not always. When I went into the army in the last war, I left my wife and Melanie, who was a year old, with my mother in our home near the park. We had always lived there. But in the first days of the bombardment the house was hit. My wife was killed. My mother realized it would be better to go to a part of town where people with less money were less conspicuous—it would be safer and involve fewer heavy fines such as the Germans imposed on the wealthy. She took the part of her fortune she could get hold of and a little money she'd hidden and bought this house. She brought Melanie here, and the child made friends with the others on the Place de l'Aurore."

"Yes," said Peter, "I see."

"By the time the war was over," added D'Hasque, "*none* of us had any money. This is a very respectable neighborhood and I was glad to have this house and stay here."

"What a woman your mother must have been to invest in real estate during the Occupation!"

"It never occurred to her that you could live in a house you didn't own—any more than it occurred to her that there was any question of Belgium belonging to any one but Belgians. She regarded the Germans as a temporary nuisance, to be dealt with as little but as wisely as possible until they were swept out. But here now, we must not talk like this. We must finish up our work."

Peter studied the message D'Hasque had brought as it had come through from Old Helly-John. After a formal order, it said impatiently, "What the blazes are you doing? We are ready for anything. Give more details and a date, blast you! Love to the Fräulein!"

"Hurry," cautioned D'Hasque, "or you'll get in after the curfew."

When Stanleigh went back to the House, he made a detour and approached by way of Van Schoonbecke Street. There was a door on that side too. Weeks later he learned of a third door to the House.

IT was Saturday night. Peter put on his new suit and descended to the party for the departing quintet. It was evidently going full blast,

but it wasn't much of a party, he reflected—not if real gaiety meant anything. On the surface it looked gay enough, but there was a covered restraint. He crossed the room to the center of that restraint—Fräulein Doktor. He raised his arm in perfect salute. Then, as hers came down, he grasped her hand and bent over it. The gymnastics were wonderful, he thought. It was like a ballet. The timing was perfect and the music—there it ended. There was no music.

At that moment a quartet broke loose in the Horst Wessel song.

"I thought there should be music—and there it is!" said Peter gazing into the puzzling magnetic eyes of Fräulein Doktor. In a brief flicker away from them, he caught the gamine smile of Melanie as she observed him from across the room. There was no full dress, he noted. Not *de rigueur* in wartime.

Fräulein Doktor was regarding him thoughtfully. "You are a changed man," she said and looked at him again. "Perhaps it is the tailor." Those around them seemed startled at her personal speech.

"Perhaps," said Peter. It did not for the moment occur to him that a man in love is always more attractive to other women. He was aware only of feeling more like himself in this suit. "If the Fräulein approves," he was affable, "I shall order others. One gets them for scratch-pad money." He had conscientiously sent some anonymous currency to the tailor after paying him in the scratch-pad stuff, but no matter about that.

"It is surprising how much more"—she considered the word—"*right* you look. But you are late, Herr Sturm. For your first party, you should come on the hour. We were on the point of sending Hans to fetch you."

"Forgive me. I was working and forgot the time." If she had only known how he was working!

IT might have been difficult taking anything from the chemical laboratory to his room but it was not necessary. There was no need for invisible ink when you wanted to write invisibly on cellophane—just good old lemon juice would do it and never be seen. And no reagent—not even heat or a special light—was needed to make it legible if you were clever. Accordingly he had prepared a message for Melanie to take to her father, since he himself would not be able to go the next day. He wrote it on the wrapper of a package of the American cigarettes. But he still needed two words of that message—the destinations of the zoological hybrid, Schnabel, and of Knoepfler, the honey bear. He had even waited till the party was under way and had gone to Schnabel's room—but found nothing.

Stanleigh put three packs of the American cigarettes in his pockets, filled a clean fountain pen with the lemon juice, and went down to pay his respects to his hostess, as we have seen. He was not in an entirely happy mood.

Schmidt was delegated to introduce him to the five men who were leaving. Two young women were with them. One was good-looking in a clipped sort of way and was evidently studying aerial photography under the eminent Heidi Stengel, who was the other one and who was good-looking in almost any sort of way.

"I am so sad," sighed Peter conscientiously, "that photography has not yet been included in my course!"

"But it will have to be!" exclaimed Fräulein Stengel politely.

He had turned his complete attention to her, when suddenly a voice at his elbow startled him. "I say, old man, ripping party—what? Mustn't go balmy about the Stengel—amazin' girl and all that but positively on the quiet side." The voice gurgled straight out of Wodehouse.

PETER turned. It was the honey bear.

"How's that for a bit of old England—what?" he demanded, beaming.

"I came from Canada. You don't hear much of that out there," said Peter.

"Pish-tosh!" ejaculated the honey bear. "You came through the tight little isle. Must've heard a few—now really—what?"

"Well," answered Peter thoughtfully, listening to the soupy voice that sounded as though it had something on its tonsils, "there *are* some who talk like that," and to himself he added patriotically, "but not too many, thank God."

He looked at the round genial fellow with the innocent face. "You'll get by in the Drones' Club," he assured him. "Better have Bertie Wooster put you up for it."

"Thanks, old boy! So you read him too? Just a bit of practice y'know. Startled you—eh?"

"No end," grinned Peter. He leaned up against the wall and his right hand, deep in his pocket, carefully unscrewed the fountain pen and turned the package of American cigarettes over, telling the right side by the feel of the opening he'd made in the end. On that side of the cellophane he'd written near the top, "Knoepfler." Now, at the bottom, his hand still in his pocket, he wrote "England," while the conversation continued.

Fräulein Doktor had been standing a little aloof—a notable receiving while others went up to her upon being summoned for conversation, stayed briefly, and were granted leave to depart. Now she came over to Peter.

Does Fräulein Doktor suspect Peter? Will she discover the incriminating cigarette package before he can give it to Melanie? Swift surprising events crowd the coming chapter of this timely story of hazardous adventure!

ONE MISTAKE WAS MY SALVATION! The way my new Boss blew up at one little puddle had me worried. But he came through O. K. He got hold of a new Sergeant's DOG BOOK and learned a real Housebreaking System!

THAT NEW DOG BOOK'S MEANT A LOT TO ME! It helped the Boss to recognize my symptoms when I had worms—and told how to clean them out with Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES!

BETTER GET A SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK TODAY! It's a brand-new one. It will help you keep your dog in top condition. Advice on training, feeding, illnesses. Get it at any drug or pet store.

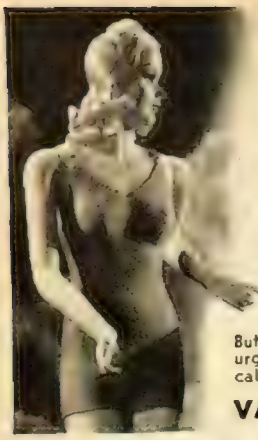
PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



Daisy doesn't Date

Too bad, too! With a figure that might be envied by many a popular coed, Daisy would be a swanky eyeful at any Michigan beach or summer resort.

But Daisy has never felt the urge for a date, nor the call of

VACATION TIME IN SUNNY-COOL *Michigan*

Although 12,000,000 persons visit Michigan every summer — and enjoy its scores of interesting things to *see* and *do*. *Daisy doesn't!* But small wonder, for Daisy, you see, is a dummy — just a window dummy to whom all seasons are the same.

But to anyone *alive* to summer pleasures, Michigan appeals — its clean, sandy beaches and sky-blue waters, historic forts, Tahquamenon Falls, Blue Water Bridge, Mackinac Island beyond Mackinac Straits, Kitch-iti-ki-pi Spring, the famous sand dunes, the impressive Ogema Forest. For the information-bound, Greenfield Village and Grand Rapids Furniture Museum vie with dozens of other places.

These and more! Let us answer your questions and send you complete, descriptive literature NOW. *We'll never hear from Daisy.*

Michigan Is Air Conditioned

Surrounded by Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, Michigan is literally air conditioned. Its breezes are invigorating — water-washed and cool.

Direct all Inquiries to P. O. Box 1080, Lansing, Mich.

DEPARTMENT of TRAVEL and RECREATION
STATE OF MICHIGAN

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

FOR BETTER SIGHT USE BETTER LIGHT

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

Liberty's $2,000 Cash Prize HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

THIS issue of Liberty marks the sixth week of the History of Our Flag Quiz. We hope it is proving as interesting and informative in its way as its predecessor, the United States Constitution Quiz, was in its way.

Thus far the quiz has dealt largely with foreign and early colonial flags, each of which flew its allotted time over North American territory, left its imprint on our national history, and then retired to make way for the glorious Stars and Stripes which by now you can see beginning to take definite form.

We have by no means been able to ask specific questions about all of the early colonial flags, but we believe that in your research to identify those regarding which we have asked questions you have become familiar with most of the others. Certainly you have if you have in your possession one of the beautiful flag charts we have been able to make available as an accessory to this contest.

If you have not yet entered, there is still time. See late-entry provision elsewhere on this page. In answering questions, be sure to observe the Rules carefully.

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who have not yet entered this competition but who would like to do so, we have prepared a supply of reprints of the foregoing sets of quiz questions to bring them up to date with the balance of the field. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address given in Rule 8, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. In the meantime watch for the next set of quiz questions in next week's issue of Liberty. There will be thirteen sets of quiz questions in all.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 6

A pine tree upstanding, above which is writ,
"An appeal to heaven," once masted a ship;
A white strip of bunting that weathered the storm—
The ensign the General had said should be worn.
He first in the hearts of the patriots true,
Who worsted the redcoats in battling the blue.

—Howard Wiswall Bible.

1. Identify the flag described in the above stanza.
2. What is the official designation of our flag?
3. Upon what date and in what manner was our flag adopted?
4. When may our flag be flown with propriety with the union down?
5. What is the presumed reason for the stars in the canton on the "First Stars and Stripes" being arranged in a circle?

Copyright, 1941, Howard Wiswall Bible.

to live apart from his family on a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and pay his own road expenses out of that, he nevertheless took the job as a duty. He is today the most forceful and respectable man of his age group in the higher councils of the A. F. of L. At the convention in Washington a few months ago, however, when he asked for executive powers with which to put down reported corruption in various locals, he was yelled down with cries of "Dictator!"

Thus the problem in unions closely parallels that of the nation with respect to President Roosevelt. An honest, able man with strong executive powers, a man of balance and without the arrogant vanity of some leaders, would not abuse his authority and would use it to delouse his organization of the vermin which now breed in the walls of Labor's temple. But his successor might be a tyrant and thief who would persecute the workers and rob their families of their very bread, as has been done.

Another thoroughly honest and courageous fighter in the A. F. of L. is Frank Powers, the president of the Commercial Telegraphers, himself an old press operator of artistic skill but the leader, unfortunately, of a craft which has been mechanized into a melancholy state by the automatic printer or sausage grinder. The operators of the press and brokers' wires up to twenty years ago were not mere keyboard punchers but performers. The best of them developed a sort of "voice" in their sending and took pride in their pear-shaped signals on the wire. Now such men and jobs are few and the wires are operated by workers who toil monotonously at a high speed with no personality in their work.

But even if all labor leaders were men of the character of Tobin and Powers, the fundamental objection to compulsory membership would still remain. For it has been seen that these bodies develop the character of subgovernments, with powers that no branch of the public government ever dared claim in this nation but with no enforceable responsibility either to the public government or to the worker.

The unions can exclude a man from a lawful occupation even though he has found a good job, the employer wants him, and his family is destitute. No branch of the public government has ever dared do this. The unions do it every day all over the country by demanding that only union members be employed and refusing to grant membership to new applicants or dropping new members to the bottom of the hiring lists.

The citizen still has a right under the public laws to refuse to join any union in such circumstances. After all, what has the union done for him? Why should he pay an initiation fee of from $25 to $3,000 and agree to pay from $2 a month to 10 per cent of his gross earnings plus special assessments when he has dug up the job and driven his own bargain individually with an employer who wants to buy his skill? Nevertheless, the union, with the assistance of the Labor Board and a strong moral subsidy from the national government, will exclude that man from that job by forcing the employer to accept the closed shop. The unions and the government take the position that the employer must not discriminate against a man because he is a union member. But they compel the employer to discriminate against a man because he isn't.

Not all men want to bargain collectively. There is a great moral point in that. Some men are confident of their ability, some men like to work diligently and long to get ahead, some men simply will not discount the maximum earnings which their zeal and ability can produce to accept the average amount arrived at by lumping in the mediocrities and incompetents at a fixed scale. They should not be compelled to, and their rights as men are discounted when the union says they must.

Moreover, in the present day, the leadership often contrives to commit the whole membership to political policies, parties, and candidates and donate money out of the union treasury. Thus, to conjure an extreme case, a religious man could be compelled to contribute not merely his moral support as a member of the whole union but cash to an infidel running on a platform of atheism; and for refusing to pay his dues or the special political assessment, he could be expelled from his union and permanently excluded not only from his own line of work but from every craft in which every renegade union man is automatically barred.

Some unions adopted resolutions which were no proper business of compulsory associations whose members had no means of public dissent. And political contributions by order of the ruling groups were common violations of the political rights of the members. In recognition of the wrongness of such contribution we have laws which forbid corporations to contribute to campaign funds, on the ground that the individual stockholder must not be compelled to donate as much as a dime to a candidate who might be unacceptable to him.

The permanency of union membership or of the slavery to unions is seldom touched upon, but many a man has been forced to adopt a false name and skulk around by night to earn a miserable and fugitive living merely because, through his own de-

Why make me suffer from FLEAS, boss..
-when you could give me such quick relief with PULVEX
Use quick-kill, borated Pulvex Flea Powder and in a short time your flea-bitten pet will find life worth living again.
Rid your tormented dog of fleas quick! For fleas may also give him tapeworms, heartworms. At first sign of scratching, use Pulvex, the flea powder with the 4-in-1 formula. Pulvex, dusted all over (1) actually kills all the fleas; none revive to reinfest; (2) quickly helps soothe irritations from scratching; (3) prevents reinfestations for several days; (4) kills any ticks, lice which also may be present.
To give their flea-bitten dogs these 4 all-important benefits, over 3,000,000 owners formerly paid 50c for Pulvex. Now available at 25c. At all drug, pet, and department stores.
ALSO KILLS FLEAS WHEN APPLIED TO A SINGLE SPOT
PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
Kills FLEAS
NOW 25¢
Special Economy Can With THREE TIMES AS MUCH, 50c
Dog Owners DIGEST
Free AT YOUR DEALER
This Different Dog Book tells how best to raise, train, housebreak puppies; how to give indoor dogs more pep, longer life. Money-saving diets, Etc.
Or Write William Cooper & Nephews, Inc. Dept. 74, 1921 Clifton Ave., Chicago

DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with your looks. Two drops of EYE GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc. Try this specialist's formula, today, and see how refreshed your eyes feel. EYE GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

DON'T LET GRAY HAIR

Ruin YOUR VACATION

You can have a better time with young-looking hair. So, if you have gray hair, just wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it, similar to its former natural shade . . . in one day, if you wish. After that, attention only once a month will keep it young-looking.

Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lovely new color even after shampooing, salt-water bathing, perspiration, curling or waving. It remains clean and natural to the touch and looks natural in any light.

SAFE! Skin Test NOT Needed

Canute Water is pure, colorless and crystal-clear. It has a remarkable record of 25 years without injury to a single person. In fact, scientific research at one of America's greatest Universities proved Canute Water to be perfectly harmless.

Easy to Use — Experience NOT Necessary

Try it and you will soon understand why leading dealers in most of America's largest Cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair coloring preparations combined.

No Other Product Can Make All These Claims

6 application size $1.15 at drug stores everywhere.

CANUTE WATER

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisements.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Lighter Complexion

by using

Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing the fairer, younger-looking underskin. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

fiance or the malice or dishonesty of a union leader, he got in wrong with his local.

What are the union rules regarding grievances? They hold that any member who "takes his local into court" must win his case or pay double the cost of the union's case, including the lawyers' fees, or stand suspended until the same is paid. Here we must consider the inequality of the two litigants. One is a lone workman who has had a dispute with an overbearing and crooked business agent who is known to the membership as a thief with a criminal record, a not improbable supposition. The other litigant is the union itself, with a treasury to draw from and a working membership which can be assessed out of current earnings for the costs of trial. The rebellious American in this case has no savings and is in debt for rent and groceries because the crooked business agent has revoked his card and thrown him out of his job.

What does the rebel do? Probably he doesn't sue at all but becomes a sort of fugitive branded in the language of the unioneer as a rat, scab, or fink. He never can get another job at his trade in any union shop because he never can get another card. If he turns to another trade, he is still barred from union shops because his record bars him from membership in the union of that craft. I remind you that this victim is a decent citizen who deserves the protection of his government, which instead is throwing its help to the crooked union official on the known fallacy that all union officials are honest and fair.

But let us assume now that, somehow, the victim manages to bring his case to court.

He has a little lawyer who probably isn't very enthusiastic or very good. The union hires the best in town and asks for delays. Court costs are deliberately incurred by the union to discourage and break the rebel, who nevertheless persists somehow—if, in the meanwhile, he has not been run off the road in his clattering jaloppy by some hit-and-run driver on a lonely stretch at night and left mangled or dead.

How far can our victim go in the public courts? We have heard much about the inequality of the little man against the soulless corporation in a damage suit. But the little man's chances are infinitely better against a soulless corporation than against a union, because public opinion instinctively favors him in the one case and the union in the other.

The further he goes against the union the worse his risk as the costs mount. And he thinks constantly of the double indemnity which he will owe should he lose the final decision.

If you have followed me this far, you are way up in the skies of fantasy, because our little victimized individual simply cannot fly this high. He is licked before he starts, and, knowing this, he bows to any sort of persecution and robbery by his union officials. He sacrifices manhood, self-respect, and important rights of his citizenship to keep the favor of a dictator who may not be a crook but easily may be. Money which should buy shoes for his children, the few dollars that he would like to send to his old mother, go for tickets to a grand testimonial dinner for the illustrious business agent at $5.50 per copy at the rate of two to each member.

At the climax of the feast the political local judge gets up and, with a swirling eulogy to that valiant fighter for the rights of labor, presents the guest of honor with the keys for an expensive new car purchased out of the margin between the $5.50 per copy and the 75 cents per head which the dinner actually cost the racketeers.

No employer in our time has the continuing, pursuing power of persecution over the individual American workman that resides in the authority of the unscrupulous unioneer. Fired by one employer these days, a man could go to another, for the blacklist is now no more than a word-of-mouth process. But a man's union record follows him to the end of his days unless, having changed his name and the family name of his wife and children, he can start anew elsewhere and never encounter an old acquaintance who would turn him in.

Why are unions so bashful about facing the public courts which, after all, are provided by the American government to measure justice? They say it is because if litigation were freely permitted they would be deviled into bankruptcy and dissolution by trick suits intended for that very purpose, a plausible explanation. But the prejudice against the courts has been used to practically exclude victimized individual members from relief from the foulest persecution and to protect racketeers in the pursuit of thieving schemes which rob Americans of freedom and earnings and reduce them to helplessness and fear.

THE END

A CHALLENGE TO MR. PEGLER — Continued from Page 17

salary of labor editors is less than one tenth that of the average newspaper columnist.

Mr. Pegler says that advertising in labor papers is obtained by extortion. Perhaps there may be some few labor papers that resort to desperate means for a livelihood. That is not an unknown factor in the whole of the newspaper field and does not apply alone to labor. What Mr. Pegler fails to mention is that the standards of many labor papers in regard to advertising are so far above the general press that they

(*Continued on page 54*)

Untie the dog...lock the door... turn on the bright lights!

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS WITH THE WORLD'S KEENEST DETECTIVES

SIX HUNDRED WITNESSES

And Not One Could Identify The Murderers!

At a banquet in New York's famous Manhattan Opera House in the presence of six hundred persons a man was stabbed to death —and not one of those present could tell who did it. Yet by prompt, brilliant detective work the New York Homicide Squad solved the enigma. Result, two men arrested and convicted! Read the complete story in True Detective Mysteries for June. It is titled "Horror Has An Audience." It will fascinate you.

PLOTTING GHOULS of the Catacomb

One never knows what astonishing development may transform one kind of case into something bewilderingly different—as when a trap laid for wily counterfeiters disclosed a desperate plot to get a skilled engraver out of jail by kidnapping the remains of a President from its tomb to use for bargaining. The Case of the Plotting Ghouls of the Catacomb is one of the most bizarre in the files of the U. S. Secret Service. Read it by all means in True Detective Mysteries for June.

"THE PINKERTONS ARE ON YOUR TRAIL!"

Long before the advent of fingerprinting, lie detectors, wire tapping, any of the modern scientific aids to crime detection, the knowledge that "The Pinkertons" were on his trail brought the same pallor to the face of the most hardened crook as is brought today by the knowledge he is "hot" with the F.B.I. The Pinkertons scored their undying triumph by brilliant, sometimes uncanny, deduction and endless tenacity. Many of their successes seem to verge upon the miraculous. One of them, The Case of the Duped Bride and the Fugitive Wizard appears in True Detective for June. Every lover of brilliant exploits in crime detection will thrill to this epic of straight thinking and dogged determination. Read it today.

The Case That Baffled Conan Doyle

She was a little Chinese girl, fabulously wealthy, exquisitely beautiful. They found her on the shore of a lake in England, strangled. By her death her husband had everything to lose—nothing to gain. Yet a stolid British jury convicted him of her murder. This is the famous case that baffled Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, father of Sherlock Holmes. Read it today! Titled "Rhapsody in Red," it appears complete in True Detective Mysteries for June, out now.

True Detective Mysteries *News*

KNOWLEDGE PROVIDES PROTECTION

(A. J.) COLORADO—When a copy of TDM comes to our house the strongest ones read it first. We have derived much benefit from the true stories it contains. Instead of making people suspicious of those not guilty it should tend to make its readers alert and more able to defend themselves in cases of emergency, which from time to time are likely to occur. I think your magazine should be in homes, libraries, and read by all, especially the young folks, so that they may be warned of the many dangers that may lurk just around the corner.

ALERT!

(F. V.) OHIO—TDM is certainly alert. Recently when four women prisoners escaped from Ohio's Marysville prison, I noticed the Line-Up carrying pictures of the fugitives while the story was still fresh and the search hot. That is the kind of cooperation needed for real criminal apprehension.

THE GREATEST PLEASURE

(J. N.) PENNSYLVANIA—The greatest pleasure in life is that of reading a true detective tale. It transports the reader from a common everyday life of toilsome work into an exciting life of high adventure. Cares and worries are forgotten as the reader follows the different characters in the story until the conclusion vividly portrays the great moral lesson that crime does not pay. There are many persons in our prisons today, who, had they read TDM and taken the lessons to heart, would now be enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

* * *

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?

At one time or another almost everyone speculates as to what sort of detective he would make. Why not find out? Each issue of True Detective Mysteries contains a "Minute Mystery" to test the reader's powers of observation and deduction. The one in the June issue is unusually intriguing. Try this absorbing pastime on yourself and friends today.

True Detective MYSTERIES *Magazine*

Fact Detection Stories More Fascinating Than The Best Fiction

DEPEND

ON JERIS . . . KEEP YOUR HAIR FREE FROM LOOSE DANDRUFF

with this common-sense hair tonic

JERIS

ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

FEET ITCH?

STOP IT QUICK!

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

(*Continued from page 52*)

refuse to carry any advertising at all. Nor does he mention that at least 99 per cent of the other labor papers obtain all their advertising by honest and approved methods.

He evidently believes that the small number of legal prosecutions of racketeering is due to the fact that unions are immune from the law. The fact is that there are plenty of laws and ways now to prosecute any union official who violates a law. If these laws are not always enforced, that is not labor's fault.

But the main reason why there are not more prosecutions of labor racketeers is that law-enforcement officials require definite and legal evidence to sustain a charge of wrongdoing before they take action against a labor official. In this respect, they are at a great handicap compared to Mr. Pegler, who is unencumbered by such limitations.

Would it not be more in the interest of the public good if Mr. Pegler were to lay all his evidence of corruption and racketeering before the officers of the government charged with the enforcement of law, so that these charges might properly be inquired into and, if found justified, then be tried in open court and in the American way?

When he tries to suggest ways for labor to deal with racketeers, Mr. Pegler gets mixed up. He has been attacking labor leaders as "dictators"; now he turns around and criticizes the teamsters' locals because they refused to give their president powers they considered dictatorial, to clean out racketeers. Without going into the merits of the teamsters' case, the question arises whether Mr. Pegler thinks labor leaders should have more power or less.

Does he oppose dictators or just "the wrong kind" of dictators?

THE compulsory aspects of unionism greatly upset Mr. Pegler. It destroys the sacred right of individual bargaining—the right, he says, of a man who does not want to work under union conditions to make his own bargain with his employer. Self-proclaimed "friends of the working man" surely have wasted enormous quantities of tears over the plight of the man who wants to work for less wages than the union is able to get him! His must indeed be a horrible situation! What can the man do with all this money he doesn't want?

But what has Mr. Pegler contributed to the well-being of the individual worker? What contribution has he made to a better understanding and solving of labor problems that would qualify him to speak with authority? Instead of presenting a constructive program, he has confined himself to criticizing the achievements and methods of the workingman. Thus far he has found nothing good in the practical structure of labor organizations which workers have built up upon solid foundation resting upon ground where the labor problems exist.

He fears that a member of a compulsory union may be forced to support political and religious causes of which he disapproves. I would certainly agree that a union may get into trouble, may well alienate its members, if it dabbles too much in exciting issues not directly connected with its basic job in industry.

The question of political contributions by unions is another debatable one. But the essential fact here is that Mr. Pegler is wrong in implying it to be a typical union policy. How many unions have made political contributions? Very few. And of these, how many did so without the overwhelming support of their members? Still fewer.

BEYOND doubt, few if any will contend that the workers should refuse to avail themselves of their political rights. The fact is, whether recognized by Mr. Pegler or not, that the labor movement in the main, and with few exceptions, distinctly draws the line between political action in the interest of labor and party political action.

Then again Mr. Pegler is worried because "a religious man could be compelled to contribute not merely his moral support as a member of the whole union but cash to an infidel running on a platform of atheism." There are thousands of labor organizations in this country, but I have yet to hear of a single case of this kind.

Apparently Mr. Pegler, having run out of minor abuses with which to smear the whole labor movement, has had to think up wholly imaginary ones. The only purpose of this vicious innuendo can be to make religious people distrust labor unions. Unions are not religious organizations. They never take stands on religious issues. There was a time, quite some years past, when the ministry belonged to the host that more or less found fault with the labor movement. Today we find practically every church giving approval to the labor movement and its accomplishments.

This evidences the great change that has taken place.

The last third of Mr. Pegler's assault is devoted to the difficulties a member has in suing his own union. Of all the unimportant labor problems that have been inflated by newspaper columnists, this is the most unimportant. If courts are reluctant to interfere in the internal affairs of a union where there is no question of law violation, it is because they themselves recognize, first, that the unions have grievance procedures of their own; second, that courts, being unfamiliar with the rules of private organizations, may render an inappropriate decision; third, that in a democracy associations as well as individuals should be allowed as much

freedom as is consistent with the maintenance of public order.

Mr. Pegler gives the impression that all unions have a rule compelling a member who sues the union and loses, to pay double the union's costs. Besides, he says most members are afraid that if they sue they will be maimed or killed by union thugs. He does not mention that roughly 99.9 per cent, if not more, of all unions have no such rule or anything remotely like it, and no thugs. I do not know of a single union that has such a rule, regulation, or practice, and if there be one, then I would suggest Mr. Pegler might so advise the prosecuting officers of the locality in which it operates—instead of making this sweeping and unwarranted and contemptible charge.

Once more Mr. Pegler gets thoroughly confused as to what labor's relation should be toward the courts. In one paragraph he blames the unions for reveling in lawsuits, where they can hire the best lawyer in town, delay procedures, etc. A little later he asks why the unions should be so afraid of the courts. Does he want to see the unions in court more or less often? Or would it be fairer to say that he is outraged whatever they do? At any rate, he is free to print any arbitrary distortions about labor that he chooses, without producing any evidence. Deliberately or otherwise, he is creating in the public mind the impression that all labor leaders are either Communists or racketeers or both. This is a serious falsehood.

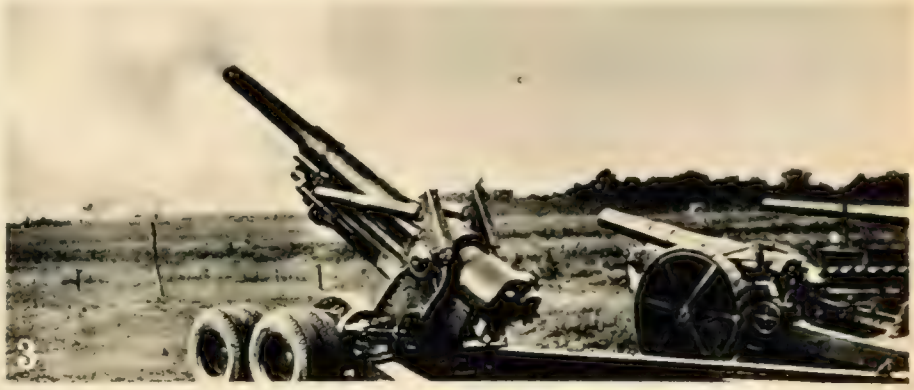
BELIEVE me, the whole picture of the labor movement that he presents is not only misleading, it is utterly false. I know—I have spent my life in the movement. That there are some shady characters among the millions of union members is not surprising. But I insist that the average labor official is no better and no worse than the average official in any class, group, or calling, including columnists. I insist that the labor movement is neither a conspiracy nor a racket. It is a grass-roots movement on the part of ordinary men and women in all parts of the world, who have joined together voluntarily to protect themselves against industrial tyranny and to obtain for themselves and their families a measure of security.

Presumably those who believe Mr. Pegler will discount anything I may say on the grounds that I am a labor leader and therefore utterly unscrupulous. The final answer can thus be given best by the millions of ordinary members of trade-unions. I appeal to you who read this to ask union men of your acquaintance whether conditions in their unions are anything like what Mr. Pegler describes. Ask them whether they are sorry they belong to a union, whether they feel they are getting their money's worth out of their dues. Of what their answer will be, I have no doubt nor fear.

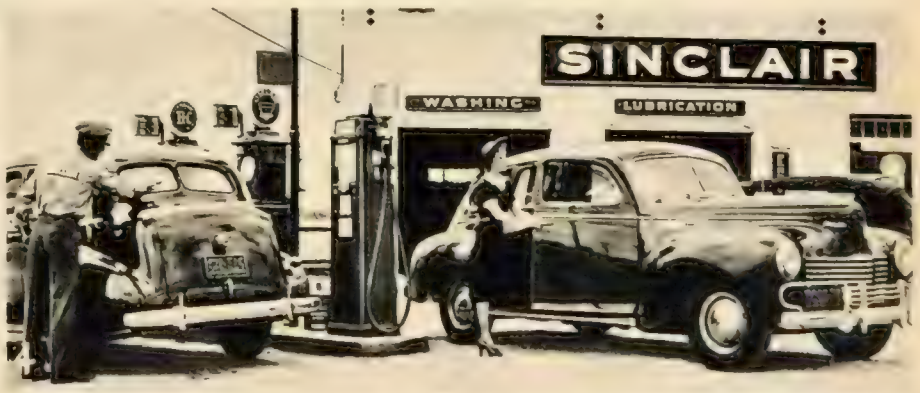
THE END

Una Merkel, featured in the Universal Picture "Double Date" is shown greeting...

...A. H. Edson, who drives one of the great Union Pacific locomotives. Union Pacific, which uses Sinclair fuels and lubricants, plays an important part in transportation service for...



...the national defense program. Sinclair products are used by over 150 American railroads vital to national defense. For the defense of your...



...car against the strain of hard summer driving have your nearby Sinclair dealer Sinclair-ize your car for safety. A Sinclair-ize job may save you real money as well as give you greater personal safety.

Winners

Liberty's True Short Short
by B. F. Porter

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IT was in West Pembroke, Maine, thirty years ago. The village doctor's twelve-year-old boy was coming up the path to the farmhouse porch. He carried a small parcel under his arm.

"Hiya, Styles," he said, and then, "Hello"—this to the woman.

The boy on the porch looked up from his apple peeling a little reluctantly. He didn't like to be caught helping his mother make sauce, but he wasn't ashamed of it either.

"Hiya, Charley."

"I wish you happy birthday," offered the visitor politely. He handed over the parcel. "Here," he said; "I brought you something."

Styles took it a little dumbly but with brightening eyes.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" inquired his mother patiently.

"Thank you," said Styles.

"You're welcome," said Charley.

The woman was a bit touched by the scene. Since her husband had died three years before, she and Styles had kept the family together, she by teaching a country school, and the boy by running the small farm, when he wasn't attending school in the village. It hadn't left much time for pleasure for either of them. Little kindnesses from the neighbors meant a lot, and the doctor's family had been especially thoughtful of the younger children. And now it was a new book for Styles. It was only an old-fashioned story by Oliver Optic, but it was good reading for a twelve-year-old.

"I think it would be nice if Charley wrote in it," remarked the mother.

Laboriously, and with tongue running out, the doctor's son wrote on the flyleaf, "Styles from Charley."

That night the newly come twelve-year-old counted over his precious store of books in the packing box under the eaves, then added in his own hand, "No. 15—Henry Styles Bridges."

That was all of thirty years ago in a tiny sea-coast village few people have ever heard of. Both the boys got through the local high school, and both went to a college, where they crowded schedules perilously to earn their own way.

At the University of Toronto, Charley followed in his father's footsteps and studied medicine. While still an undergraduate, he joined another young medic in the pursuit of a Great Idea. They sacrificed parties and vacations to work feverishly in their homemade lab. And they did it—discovered insulin for diabetes and developed the treatment that ended one more scourge of the human race. By the time he was thirty, Dr. Charles Best was the head of his department at the university and the recipient of honors and awards from all over the world.

The other boy, Styles, also won more than the average country boy's share of honors. At thirty-six he became governor of his adopted state, New Hampshire, and then was elected to the United States Senate.

The book with the scrawled flyleaf has some faded Indians on the cover and the leaves are half out of the binding. But the title is just as clear as it was thirty years ago: Work and Win.

THE END

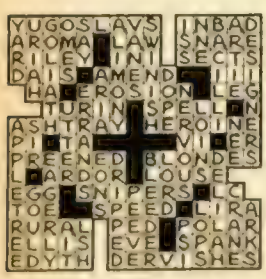
CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

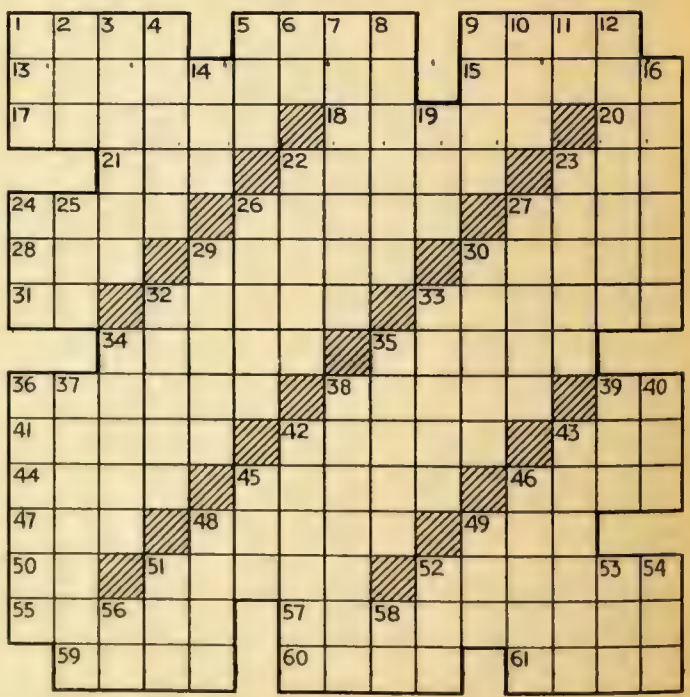
1 Frightened
5 Fruit
9 Pitcher
13 Put up with
15 Weathercock (pl.)
17 Related on the mother's side
18 Stirs up
20 Depart
21 Spread for drying
22 Clerical headdress
23 Amusement
24 Above
26 Summoned officially
27 Lizard
28 Help
29 Thrashed
30 Polishing material
31 Legal word
32 Hollowed out
33 Judge's chamber
34 Emaciated
35 Drunkard
36 Footless
38 Song thrush
39 Exist
41 Ecclesiastical office
42 Lassoed
43 Distant
44 Give forth
45 Less coarse
46 Sting, as an insect
47 Cyst
48 Greek poet
49 Male offspring
50 Fish
51 East Indian soldier
52 Upbraid
55 Spanish title of respect
57 Punctuation mark
59 Alone
60 Paradise
61 Want

VERTICAL

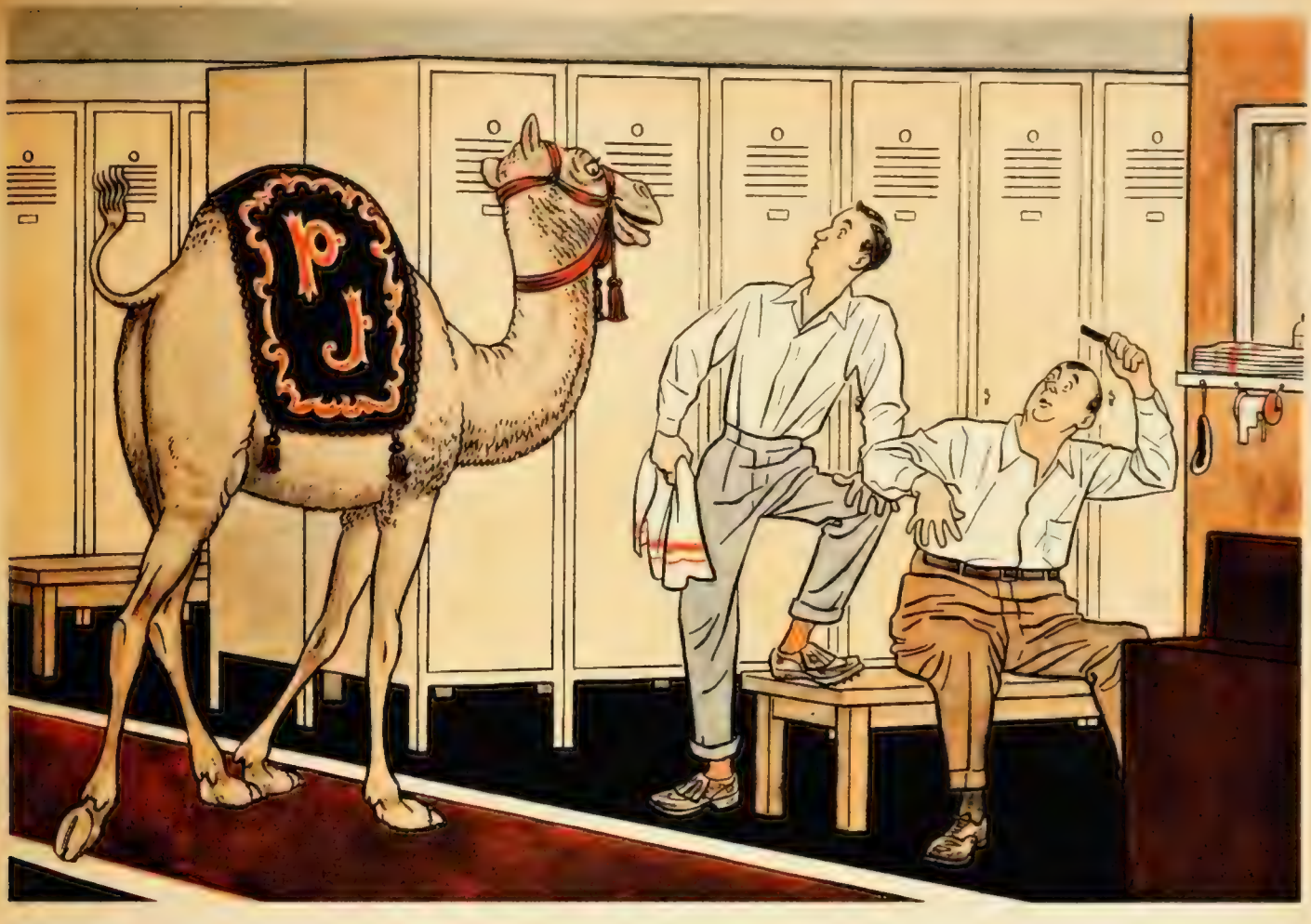
1 Consumed
2 Gained
3 Filled with enthusiasm
4 Prevent
5 Resinous substance
6 Pronoun
7 Earned by performance
8 Corrected
9 Always
10 Part of to be
11 Prefix: Put into
12 Without deviation
14 Set free from encumbrance
16 Musical composition
19 Conducted
22 Sapped
23 Slender, threadlike root
24 Light pole with broad blade
25 Contend with
26 Raise captious objections
27 Sport (pl.)
29 Reticule
30 Speedy
32 Student in military school
33 Hide
34 Strengthening medicine
35 Candle
36 Musical term
37 Hair ointment (pl.)
38 Wealthy
39 Flying mammal
40 Before
42 Full of fissures
43 Last passage in a musical composition
45 Dandy
46 Nonmetallic element
48 Courageous man
49 Dry, as a beverage
51 Sun
52 Container, used for storage
53 Part of the foot
54 Limit or boundary
56 Negative
58 Personal pronoun



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



"Pardon, Effendi, did you mention whiskey?"

MAN: Oh come now—if we were discussing pyramids or palm trees, you might be of some help. But what does a camel know about how to get the best buy in whiskey? And what are you doing in this locker room, anyway?

CAMEL: A thousand pardons, effendi—but I am merely performing my life work. Wherever voices are raised in discussion of whiskey, there I go. You see, I am a symbol—the symbol of *dryness* in whiskey.

MAN: All this is very interesting, my long-lipped friend. But what has dryness to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: I'm glad you asked me that, oh son of a thousand wise men. For *dryness*, believe me, is a much-to-be-desired quality to look for in a whiskey. Dryness—or lack of sweetness—is the quality that allows one to enjoy the true mellow flavor and delicate aroma of a whiskey—unaltered and unimpaired!

MAN: H'm, you must be a *college* camel—all that makes a lot of sense. But isn't that rare quality of dryness sort of expensive?

CAMEL: Come closer, little brother—and tune your ears to sweet music: There *is* a whiskey called PAUL JONES that possesses this quality of dryness to a remarkable degree. It is a rare whiskey—and a *rare* buy! Its price, as many wise whiskey buyers know, is very moderate. In fact, so many people have discovered this great buy, that its popularity has increased five times in the last two years!

MAN: Say, thanks—I'm glad to learn about this PAUL JONES. Won't you play a round of golf with us tomorrow?

CAMEL: Ah, effendi, my regret and sorrow know no bounds. I play only the nineteenth hole.

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

DWARF OAK—Continued from Page 15

He couldn't finish. But Maple Street wasn't scared. He watched calmly, the way kids do who don't understand.

"Binnie swims good," he said. He squinted forward, then added crossly, "She smoked!"

That was it, of course. He didn't know he was explaining, but he was. George knew about boats. He could picture the woman with the cigarette, sitting in the cockpit, careless, maybe dozing in the hot sun. He could imagine her flicking an ash or dropping the butt into the gasoline-tainted bilge. And he could see the result. The boat was a fierce torch from bow to stern. She was beyond help. Other craft began to put out from shore like black bugs on the twilit water, but they couldn't do anything. They couldn't come near her. The fire blazed on, growing redder as night came down.

THE AUTHOR

Eleanor DeLamater, born in New York City, went to Barnard College, then to Smith. She has held various jobs, but finally turned to writing. She has one novel and numerous short stories to her credit, and is now in Hollywood writing for the movies.

After a while Maple Street huddled closer to George and whimpered a little.

"I'm cold, George! I want my supper. It's awful dark."

It was. Once you looked away from that flaming spot, you saw it, and the old chill started in your stomach. George stood up a little too quickly. Maple Street must have felt it, for he floundered to his feet, the long sleeves of the sweater hanging to the ground and the skirt of it tripping him.

"It's dark. I'm scared."

"Heck!" George blurted. Then he dropped his too loud voice. "What you scared of?"

"Bears," Maple Street said.

George looked down at the small shapeless figure with the wide eyes peering nervously around. A fine new feeling came over him—the feeling of being bigger and stronger than somebody else. For the first time since Buck left, he really wasn't scared. He grinned in the dark.

"Little dope!" he muttered. "There's no bears here. Come on. Time for chow."

They turned their backs on the fire. They marched indoors and forgot it.

Later, with the meal over and the light out and Maple Street stowed in Buck's lower berth, George lay quiet in his own place above. The night outside was as dark and as sneaky as ever, but he didn't cover his head. He almost liked the wind and the water noises. He did like the sound of faint breathing in the room with him.

THE next day was fine, with bright sunlight and a snappy breeze. George got up, and got Maple Street up, and fed him on corn meal and watered milk. The kid put on his little bathing trunks, which were dry by now, and the two of them trotted off to hang around the island's outer shore. George was sure people would be coming for Maple Street soon, not expecting to find him here but hunting every place on the chance. The burning boat had disappeared in the night. Whatever the flames had left must have sunk where she lay, for a whole fleet of small craft hovered around the place. You could see them backing and filling all day, putting out from the big house on the point. But you couldn't see the people at this distance. And nobody came to the island.

Maple Street didn't care. He was too busy dodging around in the eelgrass after fiddler crabs. He seemed to have forgotten the fire last night, and his long swim and even his folks, wherever they were. Kids were dumb. They took every day for a picnic.

But not George. He worried. He fidgeted there on the beach. All those boats so near, and not coming nearer. All those people thinking Maple Street was drowned or burned up there, and not looking any place else. He wanted to yell and jump up and down to get their attention. But toward midafternoon he had a better idea.

He fetched some dry wood from the cabin, and a few precious matches. He brought Maple Street's newspaper hat too, and started building a little blaze on the sand. With that going, and damp seaweed on top, he figured to make a smoke signal that somebody would see.

It wasn't so easy. The wood was slow to catch from paper. He squatted there, fanning it. Then, while he waited for the smolder to puff into flame, he saw the printing on the leftover piece of hat, and seized the chance to practice his reading.

". . . bandit and outlaw," he made out. (It was little print and long words and he had to take it slow.) "Prison authorities, expecting a battle, had sworn in deputies to assist at the arrest. But the capture was made without incident. The convict submitted quietly. He was not armed. 'I been expecting you,' he is reported to have said. 'You got me.'

"Taken to the jail for questioning, he claimed to be only passing through the vicinity. Authorities could not shake his story that he had no home. 'You think I'd drag a pal into this?' officials quoted him as saying. 'Not me! I got no friends!'

"The long return journey to the prison was . . ."

The paper ended there, torn off raggedly. One little jog, left at the bottom, said "handcuffs"—and that was all. George whistled softly. Some hot stuff. Better than the movie he'd once seen at the orphanage. He was glad a bad guy like that was out of the way, but he couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him. No home and no friends. That was tough. He thought of Buck, due any day now, and he thanked his lucky stars. Then he saw the fire was petering out and he stuffed the paper into it.

George never did make his signal. He got the fire going, but it was small and crackly and the wind blew the smoke away. He put seaweed on, but it only burned up, and when he added a big armful it smothered the blaze. He tried again, without paper, but the wood wouldn't catch. And then he ran out of matches. At last he gave up. Dusk was coming down. Most of the boats had disappeared from the bay. Maple Street had stopped his playing and was standing there, bare and shivering in the evening chill.

"Heck!" George said, straightening up from the charred mess he'd made. "Everybody thinks you're dead, kid, and nobody's got the sense to look for you here. So O. K. So you got to stay till Buck comes."

It was all right with Maple Street. He stuck close to George, hurrying back to the cabin and light and food. He didn't say anything about bears, but you could see him keeping a sharp lookout all around.

SO George and Maple Street settled down together on the island. They made out fine. The weather was good. They kept busy in the bright sun, with the blue empty water all around them. George taught the kid to swim. He showed him how to dig soft clams and where to feel in the fine sand for hard clams. They picked huckleberries and beach plums and they stalked the herons.

"He's O. K.," George told himself. "Maybe he'd ought to be ashore somewheres with nurses and stuff, but I can't get him there. I can't do anything. He's O. K."

He was, too. He was cheerful,

quick at catching on. And tough. He ate what George ate without getting sick—beans and mush and berries and clams. He didn't whine at bumps and scratches. And he never cried—not even in the dark, when you'd think a little kid might be missing his ma. Sometimes George would watch his fat little backside as he bent over, or he would hear him in the bunk at night, whispering, "There's no bears, there's no bears—" and he would feel a kind of gripe somewhere inside him. He liked Maple Street.

The days passed. They grew a little shorter. The air at night sometimes had a real bite to it. Time went along quiet and peaceful and always the same—until something suddenly happened.

It was late on a bright afternoon. George was alone in front of the shack. He had sent Maple Street up to the bluff. He knew the kid wouldn't watch for Buck, but he'd see a boat, all right, if one came while George was busy. He was busy at cutting down the old gray sweater so Maple Street could wear it regular. His little red trunks were in rags now, and they didn't keep him warm. The sweater was all there was to fall back on, and George was working over it. He had the sleeves lopped off short and he was chopping a wide piece from the bottom with a hatchet. It didn't cut easy, even spread over a log. The quick strokes must have drowned out the little voice calling him at first. Then he heard it:

"George! Oo-oo, George!"

IT came from the bluff. It was shrill, scared-like. George dropped everything and ran. At first he couldn't see the kid any place. Then the cry came again. He looked up—and there he was.

The little dummy had climbed a ways up the oak tree. He was stuck there, one arm stretched over his head and the rest of him huddled on a branch. He was peeking down with his face all streaked and his eyes as big as saucers. George scowled and grunted. He swarmed easily up the trunk. He unhooked the kid's wrist from the crotch where it was caught. He guided his groping feet and lowered him to the ground, and jumped down after him. He breathed hard with relief and got ready to bawl him out.

But he didn't bawl him out. The relief didn't last. Maple Street was staring at his wrist, holding it up like a puppy begging. It was bruised and scratched and it was swelling so fast you could almost see it puff out.

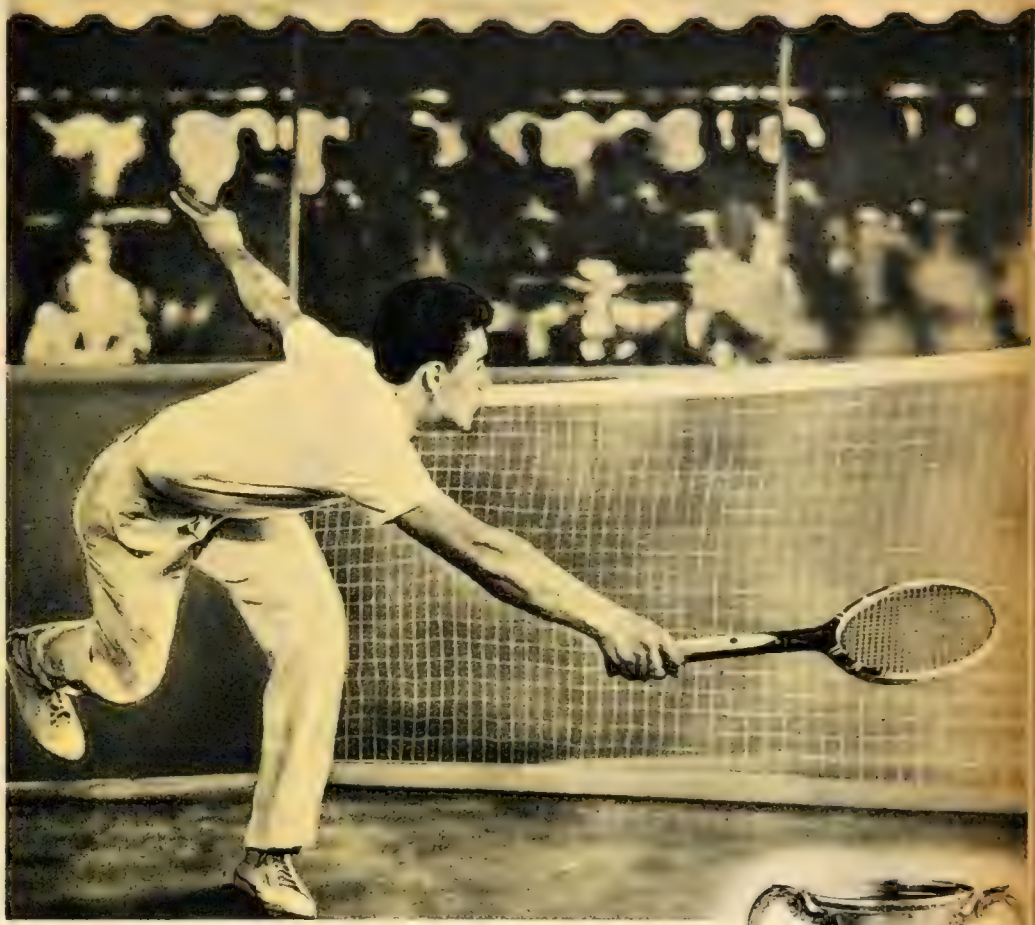
"Look!" he said in a faint voice.

George looked and swallowed and felt scared.

"Nuts! You bruised it some. It's nothing."

But it was something. It was mean. The kid's face was greeny-white and his button of a nose was pinched in. George felt sweat on his own forehead. He took Maple Street down to the water and made him plunge the wrist in and hold it under.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



NATIONAL MEN'S SINGLES TROPHY. The first two years a tennis player becomes national champion he is presented with small replicas of the handsome cup shown at the right. The *third* time he wins, he gets not only another replica, but the trophy itself, and a new one is put up for competition by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. These cups have been emblematic of national tennis championship since 1885. To win one, you have to be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

He yipped at the cold, but it seemed to help some. He slowly lost that sick look. They stayed there, keeping the bruise wet, for a long time. When the light died and they headed for the cabin, Maple Street was chattering again, almost like himself.

But the wrist grew worse later. It turned purplish, with patches of white where the skin was stretched. The kid couldn't keep from whimpering.

"I hurt," he kept saying. "Fix me, George. Fix me!"

George felt so bad it made him savage.

"You think I'm a doctor? You think I can whistle and get a doctor? I can't do anything!"

He put Maple Street to bed and sat beside him till he went to sleep. But in the night, in his bunk above, he heard the small hurt body tossing and dreaming. He heard him cry—for the first and only time—"Mommy!" And he knew then that he had to do something to help him. Never mind if he couldn't. He had to!

George didn't lie awake figuring what to do. He didn't even dream about it when he dropped off. But he woke up knowing. There was only one chance—the skiff. First thing in the morning he went down to look her over, where he'd hauled her out on the beach above the eelgrass. She looked bad. He walked all around her, scowling. Then he went and got some nails and boards left over from the time Buck patched the shack, when they first came here. He had no hammer nor saw, but he brought the hatchet. He went to work.

He worked all day and all the next day. He mended the crushed gunwale by lapping planks along it. He braced the rowlocks with hunks of kindling wood. Then he turned the boat over and started on the bottom. That was hard. First he stuffed burlap in the cracks and warped places. Then he patched over the holes with fresh boards and more burlap. The hatchet was no good for trimming the boards off even, so he had to leave a sort of jagged frill all around the bottom. It looked funny. But he felt good, hammering away in the sun. Maple Street stuck close, holding his ugly wrist out stiff, like a bird with a hurt wing. He seemed better. He played around and talked to himself.

George was in a sweat when he finally heaved and hauled at the skiff and shoved her back into the water. If she keeled over— If she leaked like a sieve and sank— But she didn't. She floated. She looked lopsided and some water came in at the bow, but she was a boat again instead of a wreck. George watched until he was sure. Then he sat down on the sand because his knees buckled.

"O. K.," he said to Maple Street, like he was answering his cry of two nights ago. "I'll fix you, kid. I'll take you ashore."

They set out early the next morning. It was a glassy calm day. They took a big bottle of water and a can for bailing and some slabs of cold mush in a cigar box. Maple Street sat in the stern, the made-over sweater covering him like a wrapper and the rubber ring around him again, just in case. George rowed.

He rowed for hours and hours. The sun came up fierce and hot on his shoulder blades. His arms ached and grew numb and the palms of his hands were raw. Sometimes he stopped to rest or to take a drink of water. Maple Street bailed busily with his good hand whenever he was told. He took off his sweater and sat in his skin. They ate the mush when they got hungry, floating there in the breathless emptiness. No breeze came up to push them, no boat put out to give them a tow. They jerked along inch by inch toward the nearest mainland—the point where the white house stood.

IT was past midafternoon when they got there. They left the boat moored to her big stone anchor and crossed the beach, both of them walking groggily after the hours of sitting down. There was a dense strip of trees and bushes along the shore, and a path leading through it toward the house beyond. The path was like a tunnel when they got into it—dark, with branches meeting overhead and little alleyways leading off it. A creepy place. They went through it fast, Maple Street trotting ahead. They came out onto a lawn before the house.

The house looked empty. All its windows were shut and no smoke came from the chimneys. But they went around it, their bare feet silent on the grass, and they suddenly saw two people sitting on a terrace at the side. They were a tall gray-looking man and a younger lady with light hair and a sad pretty face. They didn't hear the visitors coming. George grabbed Maple Street's sweater and made him stand still behind them a minute.

They were talking. The lady was saying, "I can't do it, Tom. It's just come over me that we can't go away tomorrow."

The man leaned forward to look at her. "Can't? But I thought you wanted to, Olivia."

"I did. I hoped it would help. But it's too much like deserting him. I deserted him enough when he—when we had him."

"Sh-h! That's the very feeling you must get away from."

She shook her head.

"No. You have your practice here and your work at the hospital. You shouldn't leave. And I—well, it's about time I faced things, instead of always running away. Let's stay, Tom. Let's stick it out."

He watched her for a second, very quiet. Then he reached out and took her hand.

"Good girl, Livvy. Brave girl. We'll stick."

They sat still, holding hands. George saw his chance. He shuffled his feet behind them.

"Look," he said. "I brought this kid. He needs a doctor."

They spun around as if he'd shot off a gun. They stared. First at George in his burlap pants, then at Maple Street with his bleached hair and his peeling nose and his sweater like a long gray bag. The woman's face got whiter and whiter. She swayed in her chair. The man licked his lips. Nobody moved.

"I'm George," George said, when the silence lengthened. "This here"—he tapped Maple Street—"he's got a name, but he can't say it good. I call him Maple Street. I figure it's where he lives."

They still stared. The lady leaned far forward.

"Ralph!" she cried in a too high voice. She suddenly darted toward Maple Street and dropped on her knees before him. "Ralphie!"

Maple Street stiffened. George felt him straining, trying to remember. His lips moved.

"What's the matter?—Your arms tired?"

"The major certainly enjoyed his dinner here—what was it he sent you?"

"Rof—Roffinga—" He stumbled because he hadn't said it in so long. Then he shouted it out. "Roffinglay secum. Maple Street."

"Oh, my God!" The man jerked in his chair. "Livvy—"

But she didn't hear. She was reaching out for the kid.

"That's it!" she said in her voice like a cry. "That's it, my darling. Ralph Ingham Laird, Second, of Maple Street. Don't you know me, Ralphie? It's mommy!"

They stared at each other, their faces close together. Maple Street blinked. He twitched his nose like a dog getting a scent he knew. Then suddenly he ducked his head onto her shoulder.

"Mommy!" his smothered voice came. "Where were you, mommy?"

She picked him up, in his bulky skirts, and went back to her chair and sat down in it. Her arms were tight and careful around him. She was crying but she didn't seem to know it. She looked at her husband.

"He's alive!" she said. "He's here. It's a miracle."

George watched the three of them draw into a tight bunch and forget everything else. He was a little surprised, but not much. He'd always known Maple Street had folks somewheres. He hadn't figured just where they might be, but it was handy to stumble on them straight off. He waited. After a while he thought it was time for sense.

"Hey!" he blurted. "We'd ought

to get a doctor for this kid. It's his wrist."

The man looked around.

"Doctor?" He fumbled for Maple Street's bad arm and bent over it. "Gosh! A bad sprain. Hurts, eh, Ralphie? But we'll fix it up. Come along and we'll—"

Suddenly he stopped. He straightened and turned to George. He looked at him, for the first time really seeing him.

"We thought he was dead." He sounded hoarse, like some one coming out of a dream. "The boat— But what happened? Where did you find him? Where did you come from?"

George pointed toward the water. You could see it beyond the trees, and the black blob of the island with the tall oak rising from it.

"Out there. That island. He just come floating in one day."

"Floating? I don't get it. Please tell us what happened."

George told. He tried to put in everything, from the time he first saw the far-off boat, to the kid's accident and his work on the skiff and their long row today. They all listened. Maple Street sat on his mother's lap. He looked proud of himself and of the story.

At the end the father blinked and looked across the water.

"Out there all the time!" he murmured. "And we thought—they salvaged the boat and there seemed only one thing to think. We never dreamed he'd got away. We—but we were plain dumb!"

"Me too," George said. "I could of fixed up the skiff any time. I never tackled her. Not till he got hurt and I had to."

"*You* had to? But surely somebody else—somebody older—lives on the island with you? You're not all alone there?"

"Just for now. Just till Buck gets back. He's my friend, that's off some place. I been waiting for him."

The kind face stared. It suddenly sharpened and peered down at him.

"Buck? Off some place? Would he

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DO YOU INHALE?

All smokers do — sometimes. And *when* you inhale, there's added chance of irritation. So — choose *your* cigarette with care! Eminent doctors report that, compared with the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris: ***four other leading cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant — with irritant effects lasting more than five times as long!***

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be alias Burke, alias Buckley, alias Bookman?"

"Never heard of 'em," George growled. "He's Buck. You know all those guys name of Alias?"

"N-no. But they caught—that is, the village—" He stopped, shrugged and smiled. "Never mind. Let's hear some more about you, George. How old are you?"

"Twel—" George began. Then he caught himself. "Going on thirteen."

"Gosh!" the man said softly. "Gosh! You hear that, Livvy? Going on thirteen, and all alone out there—for months, if my hunch is right! Taking care of Ralph, bringing him back to us! Do you feel what I do, my dear?"

"Of course!" she answered. She turned her bright face. "That's all over now, George. You must stay here with us."

He stared at her. He looked at Maple Street, resting easy, fitting in like the rich kid he'd always known he was. He felt the sunset chill on his bare skin and the old lonely pain come back to his stomach. But he shook his head.

"No, ma'am. Buck might show up tonight, or tomorrow early. I got to be there. I said so. I got to go."

"But if he doesn't come—"

"He'll come."

"Still—we could have a note sent out, for him to find. We'll—"

"Not yet, Livvy," the man interrupted. He was watching George hard. "A man has his dignity. A man needs to be in his own place, when he's done a job. Let him go."

"But—"

"Not yet. Tomorrow I'll run out in the launch and we'll talk things over. We'll plan something. Eh, George?"

"Maybe," George said, not feeling it, not feeling anything but his hurting stomach. "I got to go now."

"Yes." The understanding eyes went from him to Maple Street. "And Ralphie'll walk down as far as the laurel grove with you. Go on, son. We'll watch you from here."

Maple Street slid down at once, and came over to George. But his mother stood up.

"Tom! When we've just got him back! When his poor little wrist—"

"Just five minutes. The wrist can stand it. And we can spare five minutes while two good friends say goodby. Get along, both of you. Just to the shrubbery, mind. See you tomorrow, George."

George grunted. It was all he could manage. He turned, with Maple Street beside him, and they started across the terrace. He was sore all over, in his muscles and his blistered palms, and deep inside in his guts. He didn't speak while they walked slowly down over the lawn to the strip of underbrush close to the water. He stopped at its edge and glanced back at the two figures watching from the terrace. Then he fixed his eyes on a point just above Maple Street's tow head.

"Far enough," he said. "So long, kid. Go on back now."

Maple Street stood stock-still.

"Won't go back. I'm coming too."

"Nix. Your folks are waiting."

"Don't want those old folks. Want to go with you."

George breathed hard. The kid was just a baby and he'd ought to be glad to get him off his hands. But he felt like he was breaking in half.

"Listen. You got to go back. You live here, Maple Street. They'll watch out for you good."

"You too, George. So'll you watch out. I like you, George." He grabbed George's pants and began to tug him along the path toward the water. "Come on. I'm going."

George began to sweat. He heard a warning shout from the terrace. He thought fast and saw what to do.

"Going, heh?" he muttered. "Sez you!"

He followed Maple Street along the path a ways. It was dark in there. Twilight was just falling outside, but the tunnel was like deep night. George waited until he saw Maple Street slow up and begin to look nervously around. Then he ducked down an alley and hid himself under a bush.

"Look out!" he shouted in a loud scared voice. "Look out, kid!"

It worked. Maple Street stopped short. He turned around slowly, a squat little figure in the gloom. He stared everywhere.

"George!" he called just above a whisper. "Yay, George. Where are you?"

The silence answered him. The darkness shifted and rustled where the breeze drew through the passage. He took a few steps forward and back, moving softly on his tiptoes. George could imagine how his eyes got bigger and bigger as he squeaked:

"Oh, the bears, the bears—"

Then suddenly he beat it. He picked up his long skirts and shot down the tunnel toward the lawn beyond. His scurrying footsteps sounded a minute, then his high voice shouting, "Mommy!" He was gone.

GEORGE came out of his hiding place. For a while he thought he was going to be sick, there on the dark path. But it passed. He kept swallowing until his throat quit hurting. Then he walked slowly out to the beach and across it to the shining edge of the bay. Far off, the tall oak stood up clear, though the land below it was hidden in mist. He felt drawn to it. It was old and strong and could stand anything. Like he was—like he could.

George stood a minute on the empty shore. He had a new feeling where the pain in his guts had been. Suddenly he spoke aloud to the silence and the dusk.

"I bet I'm not twelve any more," George said. "I bet I'm thirteen."

He hitched up his burlap pants and climbed into his boat and set out to row across the darkening water to his island home.

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

BEHIND the scenes with Tom Shipman, Los Angeles postal worker whose job includes the freak chore of deciphering fan mail addressed to Hollywood stars *in code!* "Fans think a trick address will get attention," Mr. Shipman explained to me. "Every new picture brings in hundreds of them. So does every 'Oscar' award. Here are samples: A sketch of the sun, a jar, a hen, and the letters *i* and *e* stand for Sonja Henie. A capital C, a bird, then part of the roof of a house mean Clark Gable." Easy as pie, said Mr. Shipman, going on to one in verse: "'Tis a pretty scene as the morning rays gleam Upon the old mill on the land by the stream"—Ray Milland, of course. . . . All the above—and thousands similar—have actually come by mail for delivery to well known stars. For some reason, nobody puts puzzle addresses on letters to directors. Hard to guess, declares Mr. Shipman, are envelopes with nothing on them but a cut-out photo of the star. That's because photos of stars often look so different as to be unrecognizable. Tom Shipman has to see lots of movies to keep his professional knowledge up to date. One letter that stumped him—and still does—bears a drawing of a garden, a garden wall, a white horse. Who the heck is *that* for? . . . No law requires the post office to undertake such cryptographic duties. Mary D. Briggs, Los Angeles postmistress, offers it as a special accommodation.

★ *To copy Hollywood caprice:* Wear a smart clip, Dorothy Lamour style, on one of the two side pockets of your tailored-suit jacket. . . . Wear your gaudiest finger ring *on your head,* your self-twist turban slipped through it. . . . Irene Dunne advocates a touch of your favorite color with *every* costume. Hers is lime yellow. . . . Gracie Allen goes to the races in a hat painted all over with white horseshoes. . . . Constance Bennett thwarts takers away of cocktail napkins by having hers embroidered with the words, "Snitched from Connie."

★ Decoration Day will have increased significance this year—so many boys in brand-new uniforms. I want to quote three lines by Amelia Josephine Burr—they seem so timely:

The world again draws near
In reverence, but now it comes to pay
The tribute of a nobler coin than fear.

★ Dr. Clarence Moore, Los Angeles

Get this, men, if you have trouble
With tender skin and wiry stubble:
Those Thin Gillettes—four for a dime—
Give slick, clean shaves, save dough and time!

New kind of edges on steel hard enough to cut glass
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27c

the big bad Wolf says "Goody"

The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How *do* you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

(*Moral:* Help *your* teeth keep bright and sparkling this pleasant way—chew Dentyne! You'll enjoy its smart flat package, too.)

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE . . . MOUTH HEALTHY

surgeon of prominence, cultivates a big lemon grove planted years ago by his mother in what was then a vale of wilderness—now San Fernando. Dr. Moore told me interesting things about *lemonology*. . . . Large lemons sell best in winter, small lemons in summer. If there's an epidemic of flu or colds anywhere in the country, up goes the lemon demand within forty-eight hours. Logs from old lemon trees make swell fireplace fires, snappy and aromatic. Also they're good for carving. An artist friend of Mrs. Moore's rescued a burning lemon log from her fireplace and carved an exquisite Madonna's head of it.

★ These *Lemon Julep Tarts*, seasonably reminiscent of the Kentucky Derby, are sure winners with most men. . . . Bake individual shells of rich pastry. Set aside to cool. Sift 4 tablespoons flour and ½ cup granulated sugar; stir in 1 cup boiling water; cook over low flame till thick, stirring constantly. Add 1 egg and beat well. Now put in 1 tablespoon Bourbon or rye whisky, the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, and a little yellow coloring. When cool add 1 cup whipped cream. Mix thoroughly; fill pastry shells; top with a thin layer whipped cream and sprinkle generously with chopped fresh mint. Decorate each tart with a green mint sprig.

★ En route to California, I heard the voice of a peevish little girl in the compartment next to mine: "Don't wanna show my ticket to the man!" Then the conductor asked for *my* ticket, and I remarked about the horrid child. "Not either a horrid child!" whined the voice. I caught on. New York Central Railroad conductor L. G. Irving is an amateur ventriloquist and a slick one. Later, at a Hollywood party, I mentioned him to Edgar Bergen of Charlie McCarthy fame. Ventriloquists Bergen and Irving are going to have fun with the passengers when *they* meet on the same train!

"Got a match, buddy?"

★ Don't feel shy about taking along an old-fashioned box of homemade lunch when you travel by train. Many sophisticated travelers do so nowadays. Patronize the diner by all means, but there *are* times when you're too tired and fretful to want a public meal. Starting home from the Coast, how I did relish the sandwiches and salad, the fruit and cookies sent aboard the train for me by friend Bob Cobb, boss of the Brown Derby restaurants!

"Some one she knows?"

40 ANSWERS by Umpire Klem to his questions on page 21

1—(*a*) A hot-tempered player whose goat can be got easily; (*b*) a player who tries to pep up his teammates and annoy the opposition with a lot of talk during the games; (*c*) a pitcher who can't take his regular turn in the box but has to be saved for certain "spots"—that is, teams which he is pretty sure to beat.

2—(*a*) Ernest Gordon Phelps (Dodgers); (*b*) Lou Novikoff (Cubs); (*c*) Louis Norman Buck Newsom (Detroit); (*d*) Luke Hamlin (Dodgers).

3—Abner Doubleday; Cooperstown, New York.

4—The Philadelphia Athletics. Connie Mack has been their manager since the team was organized in 1901.

5—That they are all left-handers.

6—(*a*) A slow pitch mixed in with the fast ones, to fool the batter; (*b*) a moderate speed fast ball that comes right over the plate, about waist-high; (*c*) a very speedy pitch—like Bob Feller's.

7—(*a*) Christy Mathewson; (*b*) Walter Johnson; (*c*) Ty Cobb; (*d*) John McGraw—a nickname he hated.

8—Jim Thorpe, the great Sac and Fox Indian athlete, and a fine ballplayer; but he couldn't hit curve-ball pitching of major-league quality.

9—(*a*) The St. Louis Cardinals; (*b*) the Brooklyns, when managed by Wilbert Robinson; (*c*) the Chicago White Sox of 1906; (*d*) the San Francisco team, in the Pacific Coast League.

10—They were all spitball pitchers.

11—Eddie Collins—now in the "front office" of the Boston Red Sox.

12—It goes to the Association of Professional Baseball Players of America, a mutual benefit association organized about sixteen years ago to take care of all players who are in need, especially because of illness.

13—Night baseball.

14—The "goat" catcher was Ernie Lombardi, who let himself be spilled at the plate by Keller in the tenth inning of the final game of the '39 Series, dropping the ball and allowing DiMaggio to score behind Keller. The "hero" catcher was Jimmy Wilson, forty-year-old veteran, who came out of retirement to do a brilliant job of backstopping in the 1940 Series.

15—(*a*) The fadeaway; (*b*) the screwball; (*c*) the knuckleball.

16—(*a*) The spring-training baseball season in Florida; (*b*) third base; (*c*) a safe hit that travels on a straight line to the outfield; (*d*) a short fly that falls safe between the infield and the outfield.

17—Mel Ott.

18—The squeeze play.

19—Hank Gowdy, now coach of the Cincinnati Reds. Gowdy Field, at Fort Benning, Georgia, is named for him.

20—(*a*) The only man who ever made an unassisted triple play in a World's Series game. (*b*) The only man to pitch two no-hit major-league games in succession.

21—McCarthy and Terry—New York; Stengel and Cronin—Boston; Southworth and Haney, St. Louis; Mack and Prothro, Philadelphia; Wilson and Dykes, Chicago.

22—"Good field, no hit."

23—To talk about a no-hitter or to suggest in any way that such a thing is even remotely possible. It mustn't even be mentioned. This etiquette is observed in the press box as well as among the players.

24—That a wagonload of empty barrels means a lot of hits; that it's unlucky to step on the foul line when going on or off the field; that an opposing team can be jinxed by leaving your glove on the field with the fingers pointing to the enemy bench and the thumb folded across the pocket; etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

25—He is president of the Pacific Coast League.

26—Gerald Priddy and Phil Rizzuto (Yankees); Lou Novikoff (Cubs); and Walker Cooper (Cardinals).

27—Joe, Vince, and Dom DiMaggio; Dizzy and Paul Dean; Lloyd and Paul Waner; also Rick and Wes Ferrell, Bob and Irish Meusel, and many others.

28—In the event that the catcher drops the third strike on one of the fanned batters and fails to throw the man out at first, the pitcher could run up his total of strike-outs for the inning to four.

29—A jockey is a ballplayer with a loud voice and a gift for abuse, sarcasm, and goat-getting. The bench jockey "rides" the opposing team during the game. The locker-room jockey "rides" his teammates before or after the game.

30—(*a*) Carl Hubbell; (*b*) Babe Ruth; (*c*) Lou Gehrig.

31—Yes; provided he does not go out of the game. During the innings that he is not pitching he must play some other position. Otherwise, he cannot return to the pitcher's box.

32—"Rabbit ears" is baseballese for a player of exceptionally keen hearing who lets himself be rattled by remarks from the stands and elsewhere. The expression has no connection with the size of the ears.

33—Roger Peckinpaugh (Cleveland) and Jimmy Wilson (Chicago Cubs).

34—Because the Babe was apt to get hit on the head when trying to catch a fly ball.

35—A gopher ball is an easy ball to hit—a home-run ball. The batters "go fer" it. Rabbit ball is another word for the lively ball as distinguished from the dead ball of earlier days

36—Because they specialize as relief pitchers, coming to the rescue of a starting pitcher who has burned out or blown up.

37—Keeler played with the Baltimore Orioles, with the Brooklyns when they were known as the Superbas, and with the New York Americans when they were known as the Highlanders. His advice—which has long been a baseball classic—was: "Hit 'em where they ain't!"

38—The ash; as this is the wood most used in bats.

39—He should let it go by.

40—It stands for "Runs batted in." The idea is that the man who can consistently hit singles or doubles with base runners in scoring position is of more value than the guy who can knock homers with the bases empty.

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MILLIONS PREFER IT! (Quality does tell)

Plain Talk by Alf Landon

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

"WE NOW HAVE history's greatest chance for error; hence, history's greatest need for watchfulness. And the consequences of error are appalling. That's the Republican Party's biggest and number one job—"

So speaks Alfred M. Landon in an important article which will lead next week's issue of Liberty. This is not a piece of public scolding by the former standard bearer of what is now a third-term minority party. In the plain, dry tones of good American common sense, Mr. Landon speaks his mind with distinctness and without acerbity. There is nothing narrow or purely partisan in this vigorous utterance—instead it is a clear-cut and definite program, deserving of the most careful attention by all the members of the Republican Party. Mr. Landon speaks not as a politician but as a statesman and a patriot.

In the same issue with Mr. Landon, you will find Winston Churchill once more, this time discussing a highly important problem under the title Our Friendship with America. In the stormy times that now beset England, this article, written before the war, as were the others we have published from the pen of the Premier, shows the remarkable foresightedness of the English leader.

BUT ALL IS NOT POLITICS and foreign affairs in next week's issue. You will find two outstanding short stories: So Nice to Remember! by Kermit Shelby, whose distinguished short stories are beginning to attract widespread attention, and who now makes his first bow with us; and Heaven at 125th Street, by Margaret Lee Runbeck, already a favorite since her last short stories, Two Can Live . . . and When Love Comes Stealing, published in recent months. George Jean Nathan has some interesting observations about the circus, and Frederick Lewis has a Hollywood story, The Girls Who Came Back. There will be installments of all the serials, together with all your favorite features. Doesn't it sound like a fine issue?

SALMAGUNDI: I had an interesting time recently when I had the privilege of being the speaker at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It was refreshing to have a long talk with Mr. H. W. Prentiss, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, who was toastmaster. This group is rendering vigorous public service to the growing city of Lancaster. . . . Mr. Harry Yourn, columnist of the Alameda, Calif., Times Star, sent me an orchid. I have often read where columnists say, "Orchids to So-and-so for such and such," but I always thought they were verbal bouquets. But this flower was real, and it was the only orchid I have ever received. It was sent because Mr. Yourn was enthusiastic that Liberty was publishing The Unobstructed Universe, by Stewart Edward White. . . . I have been reading some correspondence exchanged between George E. Sokolsky of Liberty and Professor Clyde R. Miller of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. Dr. Miller is a puzzle to me. I became acquainted with him when he and I were guest speakers at the Chicago Round Table of the Conference of Jews and Christians. He impressed me then as a fair and earnest man, and I felt that the work he had undertaken in conducting the Institute for Propaganda Analysis was a constructive job that needed to be done, and that he was most competent to do it. Yet, when I came to study some of the analyses published under his leadership, I could not escape the conviction that he was, as he should be, very hard on the Fascists; but that he wasn't, as he should be, very hard on the Communists. Mr. Sokolsky and Dr. Miller, you may remember, debated this matter in the pages of Liberty. Now, in Propaganda Analysis, Dr. Miller apparently has, by inference and innuendo, and certainly without any knowledge of the facts, attempted to establish a relationship between Mr. Sokolsky, the National Association of Manufacturers, and Liberty. Mr. Sokolsky feels that all the references made to him in Dr. Miller's publication are uniformly unfair and often inaccurate, but that in this particular case the inferences and implications are false and untrue. Dr. Miller says there was no intention on the part of his Institute Bulletin to convey any innuendo, and assuredly there was no intention to make any statements that were false. Accepting this as true, then Dr. Miller convicts himself, or his editorial associates, of dangerously careless editorial work. Mr. Sokolsky says that no one from the Institute came to him to verify the facts. Certainly no one came to me. Is this what Dr. Miller considers to be fairness in journalism? . . . Had tea recently with Bubbles Schinasi, whom I refuse to call a glamour girl because glamour means a false glitter, and there is nothing false about the loveliness and charm of this popular New York beauty. She was wearing two unusual pieces of costume jewelry—two miniature hands made of gold, the fingers of each in different positions. Miss Schinasi explained that they were the deaf-and-dumb symbols for her initials, B. S. There's a tip, girls, if anybody wants to know what you would like for a present. . . . John Erskine is sailing for South America on good-neighbor business. . . . Frederick Collins and Barbara, his beautiful golden-haired wife, are back from Arizona, tanned and enthusiastic about their new Cape Cod home. Fred went out there just after Christmas to get into the warm sunshine. He had to wait a long time. The weather was most unusual. But he finally found the warm sunshine waiting for him when he got back to New York!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

College seniors name Elgin "first choice for graduation!"

ON CAMPUSES right across the country, college seniors were recently asked what make of watch they preferred for graduation. In this impartial poll, Elgin was named "first choice" by a wide margin! Here are some of the outstanding colleges and universities polled:

CALIFORNIA *CORNELL*
DARTMOUTH
FORDHAM *MICHIGAN*
MOUNT HOLYOKE
MISSOURI *SARAH LAWRENCE*
SKIDMORE
STANFORD *TULANE*
VANDERBILT

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Whitney Smith, SYRACUSE '41

"I've chosen an Elgin De Luxe as my commencement gift," says this beautiful and talented young miss. She was Queen of the Coronation Senior Ball, Editorial Director of the "Daily Orange," President of Pi Beta Phi. Her grandfather, also named Whitney Smith, started the Elgin tradition in her family. Elgin gladly welcomes Whitney Smith to its Hall of Fame!

No. 5004B. $39.75 *No. 5006A. $37.50* *No. 5007G. $37.50*

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Worthy companions to the distinguished 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins

ONE OF America's great commencement traditions—the gift of an Elgin from dad and mother.

The distinctive new Elgin De Luxe watches are created for young graduates like yours. For vigorous, clear-sighted boys and girls with much achievement behind them and far more ahead.

Prominent American designers have worked into these carefully adjusted timepieces an individuality and beauty that are striking. Elgin's fourth-generation craftsmen have added superb accuracy. Each watch has a rustproof, non-magnetic Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance.

Unlike many others, Elgins are not foreign made or assembled from foreign parts. All parts are thoroughly American—designed and created right in the Elgin factory.

Give your graduate a beautiful, star-timed Elgin De Luxe. None has fewer than 17 jewels . . . all cases are either gold or gold-filled. Now at your jeweler's, priced from $35.00. In Canada, prices are slightly higher.

*Patent Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

No. 5505E. $42.50 *No. 5701B. $39.75* *No. 5705G. $37.50*

● *Actual color photograph—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

"Molly—

this lighter, milder leaf brings a fancy price!

—but Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says J. M. Talley, warehouseman of Durham, N. C.

"I'VE KEPT TRACK OF THE BIDDIN' at thousands of tobacco auctions—and I can tell you Luckies go after the lighter, milder leaf and bid it up till they get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

As everybody knows, you get what you pay for . . . and Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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